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## THE O'DONNELLS IN EXILE.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN, ESQ., LL.D., M.R.I.A.

THE fame of the Irish families on the continent of Europe since the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, has been so conspicuous, that any new light thrown on their history, collectively or individually, cannot now fail to be of interest not only to the student in Irish history, but even to the general reader.

Of all the Irish families who sought refuge on the Continent at this period of the downfall of the old Irish, and who continued to figure in history with unabated lustre on the Continent, from the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth down to the present year, the O'Donnells are second to none; and at the present day they have attained to so eminent a point in European celebrity, that no apology is due to the reader of these pages for the trouble which we have taken to lay before him, briefly, a view of their modern history, and particularly of their brilliant career on the Continent since the period of their decadence in Ireland. We have been particularly induced to undertake this sketch in consequence of the many important original documents relating to them, which have been lately put into our hands by our learned and accomplished friend, Charles Count Mac Donnell (private secretary to Marshal Nugent of Austria), who has devoted his time to the collection of these fragments with a zeal which few but himself possess, and who has presented them to us for the express purpose of publication, with a generosity which nothing but his patriotic devotion to the illustration of the historical fame of his countrymen could have suggested, in order to fill up certain *lacunæ* in the pedigree of the family of the O'Donnells, observed by him in our edition of the Annals of the Four Masters, and in all other publications, the fact being that the requisite documents had never been collected before. To this we may add, that vast revelations of the secret springs and motives of action which have contributed to certain events in Ireland, have been very recently discovered in the State Paper Office, London, without which the history of the reign of Queen Elizabeth or her immediate successors down to the time of Cromwell, could not be well understood, or drawn up into anything like historical form. But the minute details of events, with their mediate or immediate causes, lately obtained from the State Paper Office, through the kindness of friends, have enabled us to clear up many historical facts which had been previously unintelligible.

As the early history of the family of the O'Donnells of Tirconnell has been rather copiously dwelt upon by

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their own annalists, the Four Masters, we do not deem it here necessary to glance at it much earlier than the middle of the reign of Henry VIII., A.D. 1537, when Manus, son of Hugh O'Donnell, succeeded his father. Of the busy and troubled life of this chieftain, of the feuds in his family, and the rivalry of his sons, Calvagh and Hugh, it is unnecessary to dwell in this place. They form a considerable part of the history of Ireland; and a large portion of the second and third volumes of the State Papers, temp. Henry VIII., lately published, is occupied with details connected with the then chieftains of Tirconnell and Tyrone. It may, however, be interesting to quote from the latter two passages relating to Manus O'Donnell; the one, illustrative of the extent of territory over which at that period the chieftains of Tirconnell had extended their sway, and the other, of the dress and appearance of Manus himself. Sentleger, in one of his despatches to Henry VIII., enclosed a note or minute "of the more parte of the notable hayons of Ireland to begin at Dublyn;" among which he mentions "west and by northe Brode haven, Slygo, Assaro, Dongal, Calbege, Arrane, Shepehaven, Northerborne, Loghswylle, Loghfoyle. All these be in O'Donnell's cuntry" (vol. iii. p. 446). The same individual, writing of this O'Donnell himself, says:

"The said O'Donnell's chief counsellor desired me very instantly at his departing from me for some apparail for his Master. If it may stand with your Highness pleasure to geve him parlamente robes, I think him furnishte of other apparail better than any Irishman; for att suche tyme as he mette with me he was in a cote of croimoisin velvet, with aggettes of gold 20 or 30 payer; over that a greato doble cloke of right croimoisin saten, garded with black velvet; a bonette with a fether, sette full of aggettes of gold; that me thought it strange to se him so honorable in apparail, and all the rest of his nacion that I have seen as yet so vile" (vol. iii. p. 320).

Nor is it deemed necessary in this place to trace the career of his son Sir Hugh, nor that of "Red Hugh," his more illustrious grandson, who died in Spain, A.D. 1602, without issue, their history having been given in the Annals of the Four Masters, and in other works lately presented to the public. Our intention in the present paper is to lay before the reader a full account of the O'Donnells in exile.

After the death of the "dauntless Red Hugh" in Spain without issue, in 1602, his brother Rory or Roderic O'Donnell, on his submission to the crown of England, received the title of Earl of Tirconnell, in the peerage of Ireland, and a confirmation of the hereditary territories of his family; but neither of these did he long enjoy.

A fourth year was not run out from the time when

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Rory surrendered his princely rank, and accepted from England, with the title of Earl, the lands over which his ancestors held sway for many centuries, when, threatened, it would appear, by one of Cecil's unscrupulous contrivances, with the loss of his possessions and his freedom, if not of his life, he fled abroad, bearing with him to a final exile his infant son, who, as the Four Masters inform us, was then only eleven months old. Along with the Earl Rory fled his brother, Caffar, together with his young wife, the sister of Sir Cahir O'Doherty, chief of Inishowen, and their only son, Hugh, aged about two years and a half. With them, too, fled their sister, the Lady Nuala, wife of Sir Niall Garve O'Donnell, Baron of Lifford, who died in the year 1626 in the Tower of London, after he had lain there for eighteen years, a victim of that government in the service of which he had expended his valour against the cause of his tribe and his fatherland. Besides these, there went several gentlemen of the same lineage, some of the principal followers of the chieftain's family, and of the hereditary officers of his little court. Together with these, and for the same reasons, fled the chieftain of the once royal house of O'Neill, and several of his noble adherents of the old lordly families of Ulster. In recording this event, the Four Masters exclaim mournfully: "Wo to the heart that meditated! wo to the mind that conceived! wo to the council that decided the project of their setting out on this voyage, without knowing whether they should ever return to their hereditary principalities, to the world's end."

The illustrious exiles whose departure is thus mournfully chronicled, debarked in France, and passed thence to the court of Brussels, where the Archduke-governor received them with much compassion. From the Low Countries they continued their pilgrimage towards Rome, visiting the principal monuments of religion on their way, and receiving every where from the princes and churchmen the honours and expressions of sympathy due to their misfortunes, their condition, and their cause. In the Eternal City, Pope Paul V. welcomed the exiles with paternal affection. They visited each day some one of the venerable stations of Rome, which are still, during winter and spring, points of convergence for the evening or morning walk of the pious inhabitants and sojourners of the Eternal City, just as they were then, two centuries and a half ago. Guided by the learned and accomplished Lombard, Archbishop of Armagh, who was in Rome, they went day after day to those venerable sanctuaries, and met in his apartments every day to recite with him litanies of the Irish saints, which he had composed, to implore the divine compassion upon their afflicted native land.

We have hardly any details of the lives of the Earls in Rome; a letter, however, from that city, dated June, 1608, and found on the person of a Father Midford, who was arrested on landing in England, shows that O'Neill and O'Donnell were treated with almost regal courtesy by Pope Paul V. We are indebted to E. P. McCarthy, Esq., a diligent investigator of documents relating to Irish history, for the following valuable ex-

tracts from that most interesting letter now in the State Paper Office:—

"My verie deere Sr.—I must not omit to wryte unto you when occasion of writing is offered. These Holidiaes, the Thursday before Trinnytie Sunday, was canonized St. Francisca, which was donne in St. Peeter's with all pompe, splendor, and tryumphe, the setting forth whereof cost the Romans 20,000 crowns; and I never saw a more statelie sighte or more religyous ceremonies; the Pope himself in his Patriarcalle habittie did sing masse; all the Cardynalls, Byahops, Prelates, Cannons, and Relygious for the most part were present. Over night his Holyness gave order that the Earle of Tirone and the rest with him should have the best place in the church, which myself sawe performed; and to grace the matter more, his Holyness's neece went in coache to the Earle's house and brought with her the Countess to St. Peeter's, giving her both in place and church the better hand, which she had also of the Pope's sisters amongst all the Dutcheses and other nobyllitie of Rome; and when all the ceremonies were ended, the same neece that fetched the Countess carryed her home agayne to her own palace from whence she tooke her. The Italians speake much and verie honorablie of these Earles, and the Earles themselves keepe their state gallantly. Alsoe at the procession on Corpus Christi day, the Pope ordayed that the chieftest of these Irishes should alone carrye the canopy over him, which Eight of them did."

It is but rational at this distance of time to conjecture, in the absence of direct evidence, that these exiled chieftains hoped to obtain from the Pope, at least exhortations to the Catholic sovereigns to lend aid to Catholic Ireland. They probably thought that the Pontiff would feel bound to make some great effort to prevent the extermination of a Catholic people. Disenchantment of his dreams, or despair for his native land and tribe, rapidly bore down the generous O'Donnell to his mother earth. The gallant chieftain died broken-hearted, in the prime of his days, aged only thirty-three years, beneath the lovely sky of Rome, in course of the ensuing summer; and beneath a simple slab in front of the high altar of St. Peter's, in Montorio, above which was enthroned then, and for nearly two hundred years after, the greatest and last of Raphael's work,—his divine Transfiguration—in a site of majestic beauty, one of the seven immortal hills, facing that incomparable chain of azure mountains which, rising beyond the solemn Campagna, forms the zone of the Eternal City,—the last princely O'Donnell that reigned over the valiant and devoted mountaineers of Tirconnell, awaits the trumpet of the last judgment.

His brother Caffar, though in the flower of life, being only in his twenty-fifth year, survived him but for a few weeks. Sorrow and disappointment had also apparently done their work upon his genial Irish heart. In the early autumn the pilgrims once more approached in procession the fresh grave, and laid therein his mortal exuvie, amidst sobs that had a long echo among the hills and broken tribes of his native Tirconnell.

Their sister, the Lady Nuala, beheld her two gallant brothers expire, and followed their mortal remains to this grave, in the hallowed earth of Rome, it is true, but still in the land of the stranger; and the aged bard of her race, who had faithfully followed his prince into exile, and to this premature tomb, has depicted in lines

of deepest pathos and beauty, the desolation that overwhelmed this noble daughter of Kinel-Connell after the death of her two brothers, and of her nephew the youthful O'Neill, who sleeps beside them. This threnode was translated into English verse by the late gifted Clarence Mangan, and its wild beauties are now familiar to Irish readers. With instinct almost prophetic, the bard concludes with the following touching prayer for the land of his home and his affections :—

"And thou, Oh mighty Lord ! whose ways  
Are far above our feeble minds  
To understand ;  
Sustain us in these doleful days,  
And render light the claim that binds,  
Our fallen land !  
Look down upon our dreary state ;  
And through the ages that may still  
Roll sadly on,  
Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,  
And shield at least from darker ill  
The blood of Con."

We give the inscriptions on the tomb of Roderic O'Donnell :—

D. O. M.  
RODERICO PRINCIPI O'DONALLIO  
Comiti Tircconnellie in Hibernia  
Qui pro religione Catholica  
Gravissimis defunctus periculis  
In sago pariter et in toga  
Constantissimus cultor et defensor  
Apostolicæ-Romanæ Fidei  
Pro quâ tuenda et conservanda c patria profugus  
Lustratis in Italia, Gallia-Belgio  
Precipuis sanctorum monumentis  
Atq. ibidem principum Christianorum  
Singulari amore et honore  
Sanctiss. etiam P. ac D. Pauli PP. V.  
Paterno affectu susceptus  
In maximis catholicorum votis de felici ejus reditu  
Summum dolorem attulit suis  
Et merorem omnibus in hac urbe ordinibus  
Immatura morte quam obiit III. Kalendas Sextiles  
Anno salutis MDCVIII. ætatis suæ XXXIII.  
Quem mox secutus eodem tramite  
Ut eadem cum beatitate frueretur  
CALFURNIUS frater  
Periculorum et exilij socius  
In summa spe et expectatione boni rum  
De ejus nobilitate animi  
Quem virtus et optima indoles exornavit  
Ut reliquit desiderium et mestitiam coeulibus  
xviii. Kal. Oct. proxime sequentis anno ætatis xxv.  
Utrunque antecessit ætate et fati ordine  
Frater primogenitus  
HUGO Princeps  
Quem pie et Catholice pro fide et patria cogitante  
Philippus III. Hispaniarum Rex  
Et vivum benevole amplexus et in viridi ætate  
Mortuum honorifice funerandum curavit  
Vallisoleti in Hispania IIII. Idus Septemb. A.S. MDCIII.

Over these inscriptions are the O'Donnell arms, inlaid in mosaic: Coronet, five strawberry leaves and four raised pearls. Arms: Sinister arm embowed, issuing from the sinister side of the shield, all proper, holding a cross gules. Supporters: Dexter lion, sinister bull, both or.

Another very curious lamentation for the downfall of the Irish families is supposed to have been written about half a century later, by an Irish poet, while reading the inscriptions on the tombs of O'Neill and O'Donnell at

Rome. It has been published by Hardiman in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 307 to 339, with a spirited translation by Henry Grattan Curran, Esq. The following lines from this translation will convey to the reader a vivid idea of the veneration which the Irish continued to cherish for these two far-famed chieftains :—

"Lonely I strayed on Cepha's golden hill,  
And memory came my heart and eyes to fill ;  
While o'er the stone that shrouds the Gael in dust,  
Bending I mourned their country's fallen trust.  
There slept the hand of bounty—there the tear  
Prompt to respond the patriot's sinking cheer.  
Tyrone, proud scion of the O'Neill race ;  
There, too, O'Donnell, was thy resting place,  
Thou of the glittering blade ! I brushed away  
The mournful tribute to a better day ;  
When, lo ! a nymph, whose brow, whose bosom's sheen,  
Might shame the grace of beauty's fabled queen,  
Came o'er the hill—her towering forehead bore  
The impress of high thought—like molten ore,  
Gushed the gold ringlets o'er its polished plain ;  
Her cheeks of snow confessed one rosy stain—  
She spoke ; and vain, in sooth, were minstrel skill,  
To bid the chord such liquid sweets distill.  
When from that grave I turned me to depart,  
A wild emotion shook the maiden's heart :  
It passed at length, that agony, and then  
What human heart might brook her melting strain ?  
The rifted rock, in sternest solitude,  
Had poured its echoes in a tone subdued ;  
Her hands uplift to heaven, her streaming eyes,  
Raised with her fervent accents to the skies ;  
In words half broken by the labouring groan,  
She poured her sorrows to the Eternal throne."

The flight of O'Neill and O'Donnell left the English government, and its ministers in Ireland, free to carry into effect the Plantation of Ulster. Without trial, without proof, without a shadow of a cause for suspicion, the vast possessions of the O'Neills, O'Donnells, and their feudatories, were confiscated, and soon partitioned among the needy adventurers from England and Scotland that crowded around the spoils of prostrate Ulster. The lands that had belonged to these descendants of kings, became the prey of younger sons of English, and Scotch Lowlanders, who in less than a century afterwards were destined to overturn the Stuart dynasty in Ireland. Since then how many a trading Scot, or English adventurer, has fattened into wealth, and blossomed into honours, upon fragments of the vast domains of the O'Neills and O'Donnells, the contents of whose principalities, as ascertained by the Ordnance Survey, amounted to over two millions three hundred thousand acres, without taking into account the adjoining territories over which these princes claimed and exercised ancient suzerainty !

On the flight of the Earl Rory, his countess did not accompany him ; she is said to have been shortly after confined of a daughter. There is a history connected with this girl of so singular and romantic a character, that we are tempted to translate it here from the pages of the Abbé MacGeoghegan's *Histoire del' Irlande*, pp. 645, 649 :—

"We may in this place insert the history of the courageous resistance of a heroine of the house of O'Donnell :—When Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tircconnell, had

quitted his country in 1605 [*recte* 1607], on account of a pretended conspiracy with which he had been charged, he left the countess his wife with child. She wished to follow the earl her husband to the foreign countries to which he had fled; and while she sought the means of leaving Ireland secretly, was prevented by the viceroy, who sent her well guarded to England, where she was delivered of a daughter, who was baptized Mary. The king was informed of it; and although he had persecuted the Earl of Tirconnell, he wished to honour the father in the person of his daughter; he took her under his protection, and ordered her to be named Mary Stuart, instead of Mary O'Donnell, which was her true name.

"The Earl of Tirconnell having died at Rome, his wife obtained the permission of the court to return to Ireland with her daughter. This virtuous mother made it her duty to give Mary a Christian education; she instructed her with care in the principles of the religion of her ancestors; she often represented to her that the downfall of her father was the effect of his attachment to that religion to which all the greatness of this world ought to be sacrificed. Mary was twelve years old when she was invited to England by the Countess of Kildare, her grandmother; she presented her to the king; this monarch assigned her a considerable sum of money in order to get her married; and the Countess of Kildare, who was very rich, appointed her as heir to her property; so that the protection of the king, an illustrious birth, and a brilliant fortune, caused her to be sought for in marriage by the lords of the first distinction in England. There was among the others, a lord of good family and extremely rich, who paid assiduous court to the young princess; he addressed himself also to the Countess of Kildare, her guardian, and persuaded her that he had reason to hope for a happy issue; but he was of the so-called Reformed religion, nothing more was wanting to deprive him of the affections of Mary; that illustrious heroine, seeing herself persecuted by the countess and by her other relations, in favour of an alliance which she considered incompatible with her honour and conscience, formed the resolution of avoiding it by flight. An unforeseen event hastened its execution.

"There was a violent persecution against Catholics in Ireland; O'Dogherty was in arms for the defence of his religion; the government had arrested some Catholic chiefs who were suspected; of this number was Connor Constantine O'Donnell, and Hugh O'Rourke, a near relation of Mary Stuart; they were brought prisoners to England to assure their conduct in times of trouble. Despite the vigilance of their guards, these lords escaped from their hands, and found the means to pass into Flanders. Mary Stuart did not escape the suspicion of having contributed to the flight of her relations; she was forewarned by a lord of the court; he counselled her, in order to prevent the misfortunes which menaced her, to conform to the religion of the state, and to espouse some lord of that belief capable of protecting her against her enemies; he insinuated to her that it was the only way to content the king and the

Countess of Kildare, her grandmother. In effect, she was cited to appear before the council to give an account of her conduct. Mary saw clearly that it was time to provide for her safety. She confided her secret to a Catholic lady who attended her as a companion, and to a valet-de-chambre, of whose prudence and fidelity she was aware. Her design was to go and find the young Earl of Tirconnell in Flanders; he was at the court of Isabella Infanta of Spain, and governess of the Low Countries, who gave an asylum to all the nobility who were persecuted on account of their religion. To conceal her sex it was necessary to disguise herself. Mary sent for a tailor, who clothed her as a cavalier, as also her companion. The better to carry out her assumed character, she thought it proper to change her name; she assumed the name of Rodolose Huntly, her companion took the name of Jacques Hués, and the valet-de-chambre that of Richard Stratsi—names under which they were known during their voyage.

"All was prepared; these three cavaliers took post-horses and set out from London before daybreak; and after encountering many adventures, related by the narrator of this story, Mary embarked with her companions at Bristol, and after a long and perilous voyage, arrived at La Rochelle, where having reposed after her fatigues, she continued her journey through Paris as far as Brussels, where she found the Earl of Tirconnell, her brother, who presented her to the most serene Infanta; this princess received her with all the tenderness and respect imaginable. The fame of the courageous resolution of Mary Stuart soon spread itself throughout Europe; they compared her to the Eufrosina of Alexandria, the Aldegonde, and other Christian virtues of antiquity. Urban VIII., who governed the church, then paid her a distinguished compliment in the following letter:

"To our dear Daughter in Jesus Christ, MARY STUART, Countess of Tirconnell, Pope URBAN VIII. sendeth greeting and Apostolical Benediction.

"It is necessary at length that the sacrilegious slander should fall to the ground which has not been ashamed to say, that the inspired impulses of Christianity enervate the soul and throw obstacles in the way of the enterprises of a generous heart. You have given, our dear daughter, to all nations a proof to the contrary, that it is strength and courage which give an orthodox faith, which is beyond dangers, and superior to the efforts of hell itself. O how heroic is this courage, and how worthy of the protection of Rome and the eulogiums of fame, expressing no less a hatred for a heretical marriage than for a treacherous conflagration. The court had no attractions for you, and the threats of sovereigns only served to render you insensible to them. The sea, the retreat of winds and storms, and the ever-frightful abode of terror, is opposed to your flight; it was ignorant that you bore off more honour than triumph; but when the mountains were hidden among the bosom of the waves, your confidence in the goodness of God did not abate, since your country is one where religion sits upon the throne. You have succeeded in escaping the persecutions of the English inquisitors; but under the guidance of angels you have escaped the dangers of your voyage; you have not been able to escape our paternal regards for having been conducted to the court of the Infanta; you received her religion in your own, and Europe served you for a theatre. Considering which, our dear daughter in



Jesus Christ, we beg of the Lord who has assisted you, and we solicit in your favour the happy success which your virtues have acquired. We write you this letter that you may lose the remembrance of your hardships and labours—hardships and labours worthy of envy, since they have been for you a source of immortal glory. Receive our benediction full of tenderness; and while you have quitted your parents and abandoned your country in obedience to Jesus Christ and to us, be assured on our part that you have not found an exile, but a mother who loves you tenderly. You know, yourself, that the Roman Church bears that name truly; she will cherish you as a well-beloved daughter, who knows how to honour the British Isles, and fills with joy the souls of the just.

"Given at Rome, in St. Peter's, under the ring of the Fisherman, the 13th February, 1627, and in the fourth year of our Pontificate."

This romantic account of the daughter of the Earl Rory O'Donnell would appear to be partly corroborated by her own petition to Cardinal Barberino, dated 9th of February, 1632, of which the following is a literal translation:—

"After having fled out of London from the hands of the king of England, and consequently from the danger in which I was of falling away from the Catholic faith, as is known to his Holiness and your Eminence; and after having quitted Flanders for special weighty reasons, and married Don John Edward O'colehur (O'Gallagher), a distinguished gentleman of Ireland, my country, and of my blood, I now find myself in Rome—the bosom of holy Church, the city in which Christ's vicar resides—where I have been domiciled many months with my said husband, a lady who followed me from Flanders, and a wet nurse who cares the son to whom it pleased God that I should give birth in Genoa. I am now in extremest want; indeed in such a state that, were it not for Cardinal Ludovisi, Protector of the Irish, and Cardinal de Bagno (who have shown me all the kindness in their power), I must have perished, like others, of hunger, cold, and other countless hardships. The said Cardinal-Protector excuses himself, stating that he is maintaining the Irish College in Rome at his own expense; that he is continually relieving the wants of others of my nation; that he is bestowing vast amount of alms on almost every pious institution in Rome, and that he cannot provide sufficiently for my requirements. Hence, being reduced to this most pitiable condition, lodging in two poor little apartments, procured for me by the almoner of the said Cardinal, and being some months gone in pregnancy, burdened with the persons already mentioned, and knowing none besides who can so effectually relieve my distress, I cast myself at his Holiness's and your Eminence's feet, beseeching you both by the bowels of the mercy of God our Lord to extend to me, now abased to such direful extremity, (albeit of kingly blood, as every one knows, and reared in the royal court of the king of England as his daughter,) your immense clemency and commiseration, by granting me some pension till my affairs shall have been adjusted. God will abundantly recompense his Holiness and your Eminence's most illustrious house, and I will not fail to offer to the Divine Majesty my incessant and most ardent supplications that every blessing may be given to you both.

"Your Eminence's most devoted humble Servant,

"MARIA STUART O'DONELL.

"From my lodgings, Feb. 9, 1632."

Notwithstanding this, however, it appears from a letter written by her [supposed] brother, Hugh Albert, Earl of Tircconnell, that he did not believe that she was his sister at all. It is quite clear that he knew nothing about her birth or flight, and from this it may perhaps

be inferred, that her father Rory did not continue to correspond with his countess after his flight, and perhaps never heard of Maria Stuart, his daughter. We place the documents in a translated form before the reader, and leave him to draw his own inference. They may lead to discover more evidence in connexion with this remarkable personage among the lovers of Irish history on the Continent.

"TO FATHER LUKE WADDING.

"Having heard that a woman is going about those parts dressed in male attire, calling herself my sister, and defaming my house and myself with I know not what impostures, I have thought it right to request your Paternity, as a particular friend and patron of mine, as well as of the welfare and honour of your nation, to do us all a service, by having that person arrested and imprisoned in such manner as your Paternity shall think best, till her lies be exposed and punished as they deserve; by doing which you will infinitely oblige me. That God may preserve your Paternity is the prayer of

"Your Son and Servant,

"O'DONELL, Earl of TIRCONEILL.

"De Sechem,

"July 29, 1631."

On the flight of Rory, Earl of Tircconnell, his son Hugh was not fully a year old. This Hugh was known on the Continent as Hugh Albert, having, no doubt, received the latter name in confirmation. He was knight commander of the order of Alcantara, a general officer, and colonel of a regiment of Irish infantry in the Spanish service. He was born in the month of August, 1606, in the principality of his forefathers in Ulster. His father Rory, or Roderic O'Donnell, as already stated, was the last chief or prince of Tircconnell, in which dignity he was the successor of the "dauntless Red Hugh," his brother; and had in 1603 received, upon his submission to the crown of England, the title of Earl of Tircconnell in the peerage of Ireland, and a confirmation of the hereditary territories of his family to hold, thenceforth by the usual tenure; but neither of these did he long enjoy. The wife of the Earl Rory, and mother of his only son, was the Lady Bridget Fitzgerald, eldest daughter of Henry, twelfth Earl of Kildare, by his wife the Lady Frances Howard, daughter of the famous Sir Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, who, as Lord Howard of Effingham and Lord High Admiral of England, had borne so large a part in the defence of his country against the "grand Armada." Through this connexion there mingled in the veins of Hugh Albert, along with the blood of the early monarchs of his native land, that also of the royal Plantagenets of England, and with it the noblest and greatest of Britain, which has made the lustre of the name of Howard proverbial. Through his mother, too, Hugh Albert was related not remotely to the royal foe of his father and his family, Queen Elizabeth; the Lady Frances Howard, Countess of Kildare, his grandmother, being a daughter of the marriage of Lord Howard of Effingham with a daughter of Henry Carey, first Lord Hunsdon, and consequently a granddaughter of the sister of Queen Anne Boleyn.

When Earl Rory died his only son was about two

years old; and his brother Caffar's son was aged about three years and a-half, when death deprived him of his father. For some years we lose all trace of them both; but, in all probability, both were confided to the charge of Caffar's youthful widow, the Lady Rose O'Doherty, who married secondly, Owen Roe O'Neill, the celebrated general of the confederate Catholics of Ulster in the war against the rebel Puritans. It may be presumed that she brought back these children to the archducal court at Brussels. From the "Livres des dispenses de l'Archiduc Albert," governor of the Low Countries, preserved in the public archives in Brussels, and which extends over the years from 1612 to 1618, we learn that from 1615 the Earl (Comte) of Tyrconnell and Don Hugo O'Donnell were in the receipt of a modest pension on the civil list of his Imperial Highness.

As both boys were called Hugh, there was added to the name of him who was chief of his house, that of the Archduke his protector, who was in all likelihood his godfather in confirmation; and thenceforward he is generally styled Hugh Albert. About this time he was attached as page to the court of the Infanta Isabella, wife of Archduke Albert. As such he is named in a memoir on the diversity of origin and lustre of the nobility of Ireland, addressed to the king of Spain, about the year 1618, and attributed to Florence Conry, archbishop of Tuam, and Philip O'Sullivan Bearre, the historian. He is likewise mentioned as a page of the Infanta in Bishop Rooth's *Hibernia Resurgens*, printed at Cologne in 1621. Rooth's words are—"Nobilissimi ephoebi O'Nelli Tironenses et O'Donelli Tirconalliae comitum lectissimorum stirpium stolones, quorum ille chiliarchæ regimenti hic inter honorarios principis Hispaniarum infantis ephoebos eminet, et Scoto Britannicæ, Angliæ, atque Hiberniæ nobilitatis sanguine descendit, actus uterque annuæ pensionis dimenso."

That the two young O'Donnells were brought up at the University of Louvain, we learn from Nicholas Vernuleus, in his *Academia Lovaniensis* (p. 327) where he enumerates among the men of distinction who had been educated in that celebrated school, Albert Hugh O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell, Baron of Lifford, Lord of Lower Connaught, of the ancient stock of the kings of Ireland, and Hugh O'Donnell, paternal cousin-german of the aforesaid Albert Hugh, who died a captain during the siege of Breda."

Thus we ascertain too, that Hugh, son of Caffar, embraced the profession of arms, and died when he had reached the rank of captain, at the age of about twenty-one, during the famous siege of Breda under Spinola, in 1625-6. A narrative of that siege, translated into English by Captain Gerald Barry, a scion of the house of Barrymore, in the service of Spain, a work now exceedingly rare, was printed in a folio volume under the auspices of Spinola, at Louvain, in 1627. Barry, who does not conceal his own merits at this siege, speaks largely of the daring gallantry of some companies of the Irish regiment of O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, who bore themselves truly like heroes; but though he mentions in detail those of his countrymen who fell be-

fore the enemy, he makes no allusion to Hugh O'Donnell; and assuredly he would not have failed to do so had this youthful scion of a stock so renowned met his death in any action properly belonging to the events of the siege. It may be concluded thence, that either his health broke down amidst the feverish swamps of a camp in Holland, or else perhaps that he met a soldier's fate in some episode of the campaign, of which the siege of Breda was the great event. However this may be, he was buried far from Breda, in the church of the Irish Franciscans at Louvain, and in the same tomb which received, forty-four years later, the mortal remains of his mother.

To return to the recognised chief of the house of O'Donnell, Hugh Albert, the son of Rory, it is difficult to read certain correspondences of the Papal nuncios in Paris and Brussels, touching the candidates proposed for bishoprics vacant in Ireland, especially in Ulster, and the reports drawn up for the cardinals charged to take informations in these cases without feeling convinced, that the court of Rome continued to attach, between the years 1619 and 1640, a certain importance to the recommendations of the exiled representatives of those O'Neills and O'Donnells, who, in the previous generation, with little intermission, had for fifteen years sustained so gallant a struggle for their faith and fatherland against all the strength of Elizabeth. One cannot glance over these reports, of which several are preserved in the archives of the Irish Franciscan Convent in Rome, without a conviction that in the Roman court there were some who, like the Irish exiles, hoped against hope to see these illustrious heirs of the national and religious struggle, resume, sooner or later, with a better fate, the contest in which fortune had declared against their fathers.

It is surprising to see the almost royal tone which his instructors made this scholar of Louvain adopt in a letter, addressed by him at the age of thirteen, to the Cardinal-protector of Ireland, to exhort the court of Rome not to defer filling up the bishoprics vacant in Ireland. This letter bears date at Louvain, the 7th of October, 1619, and is preserved in the archive chamber of St. Isidore's Convent at Rome. It is quite impossible that a boy of that age could frame the sentences which his pen traced in that singular letter, which was dictated, no doubt, by the ecclesiastics who directed his studies.

Before the year 1631 we find him provided with a commandery of three thousand reals per annum, in the capitular order of Calatrava, of which he was a knight for some years previously. In December, 1634, the king of Spain, in a mandate addressed to his brother, the infant Don Fernando, recites how the *Comte de Tyrconnell* had complained to him that there were considerable arrears due on account of this commandery; then stating his military services for the space of eight years, five of which as a captain of lancers, and three with the regiment of his own countrymen, of which he was then in command. After acquainting the Infanta that O'Donnell is embarrassed by these arrears, and



alluding to "the propriety of keeping him in my protection and service," his majesty further adds: "I hold it to be of much advantage, and desire that great account be made of the person of the said Conde, and that you honour and favour him as his quality and services deserve."

In 1637 we find him still in command of his Irish regiment, of which seventeen companies lay then in garrison at Gemappe, in the Spanish Low Countries.

In 1641, when the Irish rose up in arms, the eyes of many of his compatriots were naturally directed towards a man of his military experience and family renown. The agents of the Irish Catholics abroad communicated to one another concerning his intentions with reference to the national struggle then progressing. In the archive chamber of the Irish Franciscans in Rome is an original letter from Brussels, dated 6th of January, 1642; it is stated that it was rumoured that the Earl of Tyrconnell and Don Constantine O'Neill had set out from Spain for Ireland. Another letter reports that they are about to start thence for Ireland. At this time the Irish abroad were highly elated at the intelligence that their insurgent countrymen had possessed themselves of the greater part of Ireland, and were said to be marching, 60,000 strong, upon Dublin.

In a letter also at Isidore's from Edmond O'Dwyer, who was afterwards Bishop of Limerick, to the celebrated Father Luke Wadding, dated from a port in the west of France, on the 21st of September, 1642, the following rumour is recorded: "Here arrived out of St. Sebastian Colonel Wall's man . . . . This Colonel Wall's man tells me for certain Tyrconnell is not dead, and avows to have seen one of his captaynes at St. Sebastian, who said he was well recovered, though every one said he was a lost man, and that he prepares himself homeward; God give it be true; by reason, beside his own valour, and that *the prophesyes doe seem to speak of him*, it will hinder the jars and dissensions of many pretenders to that place. Yet Constance O'Neill's wife said she was at his funeral's."

Father Mathew O'Hartegan, one of the Irish agents in France, writes, a few days later (3rd October, 1642), to Wadding to acquaint him how Colonel Wall's man detained this long while in restraint in St. Sebastian, was of late released by O'Donnell's favour, and is come hither.

That Hugh Albert, son of Earl Rory, was dead at this time, and that the wife of Constance O'Neill was at his "funerals," as she reported, is highly probable. We possess a contemporaneous notice of his death in Irish, in the handwriting of Michael O'Clery, chief of the Four Masters, in his copy of the Martyrology of Donegal—Bibliothèque de Bourgogne, 4639, at Brussels. We give a literal translation of this obituary.

"The age of Christ 1642, O'Donnell who was usually called Earl of Tyrconnell; i.e. Hugh, son of Rory, son of Hugh, son of Manus, was drowned in the summer of this year in the sea which is called Mediterranean, in assisting the king of Spain in the war which broke out between him and the king of France. In the month

of October of the preceding year, i.e. 1641, the old Gaels and old English of Erin, for the most part, began to rise up in war against the heretics, to free themselves from every oppression that was upon them. When the Earl O'Donnell, whom we have mentioned, heard of the breaking out of this war, he went in the presence of the king of Spain, and boasted of his own service, and of the death of O'Neill previously to him, and all the obligations that the Spaniards were under of aiding the Irish; and he therefore requested of him to give him aid, or if not, to permit him to go home to his native country. And what appeared to the king and to his council was not to let him go to Erin, but to send him into the sea-war to fight against the French."

That this notice of his death is correct (though wanting that exactness of date, which might be expected from the chief annalist of Tirconnell, of an event which happened in his own time) few will now feel disposed to doubt. At his death, which took place in his thirty-sixth year, A.D. 1642, all the race of the celebrated Sir Hugh, son of Manus O'Donnell, prince of Tirconnell, were extinct in the male line, for Hugh, the son of Caffar, was slain, dying without issue in 1625, as we have already stated. All the O'Donnells therefore who, from 1642, figured at home and on the Continent, and are now so illustrious in Spain and Austria, and so respectable at home in Ireland, are the descendants of Con O'Donnell (the rival of Sir Hugh), who died in the year 1583.

The following translations of original documents connected with the history of Hugh Albert, the son of Earl Rory, are now given to the public for the first time, and cannot fail to excite a general interest. They have been copied and given to the writer by his learned and accomplished friend, Charles Count MacDonnell, now private secretary to Marshal Nugent.

"I certify that the V. Rev. Father Roche de la Cruz (Macgeoghegan), provincial of the Order of St. Dominic in Ireland, descends from noble progenitors allied to many of the nobility of that kingdom, and that he has done great good by his preaching and example in his country for more than twelve years, during the whole of which he was head of his Order in Ireland. He is worthy of any ecclesiastical dignity in Ireland, and great benefit may be expected from his learning and piety, as also from his long experience in the cure of souls. I have hereunto signed my name at Brussels, Novemb. 3, 1626.

"O'DONELL, Earl of Tyrconnell."

"TO CARDINAL LUDOVISI.

"The untimely death of Hugh MacCawell, Archbishop of Armagh, compels me to obtrude myself with a new importunity on your most illustrious lordship. And indeed the same objections which I urged against strangers while the See was vacant by the decease of Peter Lombard, and when there was some difficulty about the election of a new bishop, present themselves once more. Wherefore I earnestly beseech you, my most illustrious lord and patron, whose favour and benevolence I have frequently experienced to my great contentment, that, for the sake of the public good, and the peace and tranquillity of the province of Ulster, you will not suffer any one but a native, and one born in the very province of Ulster, to be promoted to the said See. That province does not lack energetic labourers, who are nowise inferior to others in virtue, piety, learning,

and numbers. I therefore earnestly entreat your Lordship to have the government of that church committed to John Cullenan, Doctor of Theology, Bishop of Raphoe, a grave, prudent, pious, and learned man, who, according to the general opinion, is fit for every department of the ecclesiastical office. I now earnestly implore that you will effect his promotion: his own deservings entitle him to the dignity, and, as he is the senior of his native suffragans, he seems to have a pre-eminent claim to the appointment. Praying God to bless and preserve your Lordship,

"Your devoted Son and client,

"O'DONELL, Earl of Tyrconnell.

"Brussels, 24th Feb. 1627."

"TO POPE URBAN VIII.

"Most Holy Father—That singular kindness which your Holiness has always hitherto exhibited to me and my brother, the Earl of Tirone, shall never fade from our memory; and in sooth, the favors already conferred not only place us under everlasting obligations to your holiness, but embolden us to beseech additional ones. Wherefore we humbly prostrate ourselves at your feet, and implore that, of your Apostolic benignity, you will appoint to the See of Armagh, now vacant, some prelate of the province of Ulster, in which that see is situated. And although that province possesses certain persons fit for such a weighty responsibility, some of whom we have heretofore presented to your holiness, in order to close the mouths of adversaries, we venture to say that there is no one in the entire province more fitted for it (the See of Armagh) than Father Bonaventure Magennis, Penitentiary of the Lateran Church at Rome, a member of the most noble and ancient family of the Magennises, cousin-german of the Earl of Tyrone, and my nearest kinsman. He is indeed a person full of piety, learning, and zeal, admirably suited to endure hardships and trials, and so venerated by the clergy, people, and nobility of the said province, that they are ready to peril themselves and all they possess for his sake. Wherefore, humbly prostrating ourselves at your Holiness' feet, we beseech that of your Apostolic benignity you will deign to commit that charge to him. Thus will your Holiness make that See, us, and all ours, your eternally obliged,

"O'DONELL, Earl of Tyrconnell.

"Given at Brussels, 19th March, 1627."

"O'Donell, Earl of Tyrconnell, Baron of Lifford, Lord of the province of Lower Connaught and Sligo, Knight of the Order of Alcantara, &c.

"Anxious to bear testimony to real worth, solicitous for the welfare of the province of Ulster, and having before my eyes God, who witnesseth the truth of what is asserted in these presents, signed with my own hand and seal, I certify that the Reverend Father Bonaventure Magennis, of the Order of St. Francis, descends from a most noble family of the province of Ulster—that he is related to me and many of the noblemen of the same province—cousin-german of my

brother the earl of Tirone, and nephew of the earl of Iveagh, knight of Rathfriland, and head of the most ancient house of the Magennises. I further declare that he is a man of great promise and piety, well versed in literature, gifted with knowledge of many languages, possessing prudence and capacity for the management of public business, and great zeal for the promoting of Catholicity. Conjointly therefore with others, I deem him not only fit for any ecclesiastical dignity in the foresaid province, but also worthy of being preferred to every one else, and most deserving of such high honor. And I further declare that the appointment of him will be a subject of congratulation to the people, nobility, and clergy, all of whom will regard it as a special benefit conferred upon themselves, should the foresaid Father be invested with such an august dignity. For my own part I will regard the appointment as a favour granted to myself and country, and will gratefully acknowledge it as such. With most earnest entreaty, therefore, I humbly beg the Apostolic See not to refuse the granting of my prayer.

"O'DONELL, Earl of Tyrconnell.

"Given at Brussels, Dec. 26, 1626."

O'Donell, Earl of Tyrconnell, Baron of Lifford, Lord of Lower Connaught, Knight of the Order of Alcantara, and Captain of the Spanish Artillery in Belgium, to all who shall inspect these, greeting.

"Whereas high worth deserves commendation, and truth should have its due, we testify by these presents that the Ven. Father N. Lynch, Provincial of the Friars Preachers in Ireland, and Master of Sacred Theology, is a man ranking with the most eminent—religious, learned, and prudent; endowed with the most singular predicates, of exemplary life, and rare erudition; by means of which he rendered considerable service to his compatriots while he was employed preaching the word of God in Connaught, and particularly in its chief town, Galway, where he was born of a most ancient and potential family. We further declare, that he has great capacity for public affairs, in which he has had large experience, and that he is truly zealous in the spiritual government of souls. Wherefore, we pronounce him worthy of being raised to any episcopal see that may be vacant in his own land; and as the churches of Mayo and Achonry have been for a long time deprived of pastoral consolation, albeit nearly the entire of the dioceses are most sincere Catholics, it seems expedient and useful that he should be promoted to either of the said sees, the more so as he is a native of Connaught, in which these dioceses are situated. His appointment will be acceptable to the people and clergy; nor does he lack any talent befitting such a dignity. Anxious for the progress of the Christian Faith and religion, we earnestly desire that he may be promoted, and we have therefore subscribed these our presents with our own hand and seal, at Brussels, this xii. day of March, 1631.

"O'DONELL, Earl of Tyrconnell."

## THE MAN WITH THE BLACK EYE.

BEING A SATIRICAL ALLEGORY UPON LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE mysteries of nature are inexplicable, of which I am, or was at least for a great portion of my life, a living proof. My family were well descended, and although sufficiently independent, yet it so happened that most of the male portion of them possessed a strong tendency to vagabondism. My father, for instance, who commenced life with a safe income of about eight or nine hundred a-year, contracted an ugly habit, soon after his marriage, of staggering in the streets as he went along, and it was also observed, that in those casual conversations which he had with such of his acquaintances as he happened to meet, he was generally affected with a desperate hiccup. My mother, who was a *linguist*, although she spoke only the English language, was very handsome, and exceedingly proud of her beauty. Many logical discussions upon the duties of domestic life took place between my father and her. She was extremely happy in *epithets*, and so far as my father was concerned, applied them to him with a volubility that excited his indignation very much. If we might venture a guess at that indignation, perhaps we might also take it for granted, that the epithets in question were felt to be too true. Taking my father's character and conduct as one side of a rat-trap, and my mother's epithets as the other, nothing on earth could fit more beautifully when brought together. My father occasionally gave her lessons in pugilism—without the gloves—but not always with either success or victory. Whenever his inability to maintain a perpendicular took place on these occasions, he came off what is termed *second best*, a fact which he generally discovered the next morning when he went to shave. Ten scores or traces, each score having cleared off the skin of his face in their way, were then visible before him, and defied the razor for the time. One evening, however, he came home able to maintain his perpendicular, although with some difficulty. As it was, he insisted on giving her another lesson in pugilism, which taught her the comfort of a horizontal position. The triumph of skill was his, and my mother came to the prudent resolution of never making any attempt at maintaining an ascendancy in the family—feeling, as she did, that the contest was every day becoming more unequal. The day in question might have passed without a conflict, but it so happened that she had been asked to a party on that evening—on which party she had set her heart. My father, in consequence of his pugilistic dexterity, as exemplified in domestic life, was not included in the invitation—a circumstance which excited his resentment to a high degree.

"Well," said he, "as I am not to be there, neither shall she; I shall put a stop to that move. She shall remain quietly at home. Devil a thing like domestic tranquillity."

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He accordingly went to her dressing-room, and with a tumbler of punch in his hand, made her a low bow, and having drank her health, finished it.

"My darling," said he, "you are for the party this evening?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am; I hope you have no objections?"

"No," said he, "not the slightest—only that you shant go; that's all."

"Oh!" she replied, "thank God I am my own mistress."

"That may be," he returned, "but thank God you are not mine. I have a notion on this subject, and it's like a dream to me that you shall go to no party from which I am excluded."

"On this occasion I shall have my way, sir," she replied; "and so long as I am not excluded, I shall accept every invitation I receive."

We shall not dwell upon the war of words which followed. It is enough to say that my mother did *not* go to the party, but, on the contrary, went to bed that night with a black eye. This she discovered more fully the next morning at her dressing-glass, although she had certainly suspected it before, and at meeting my father at breakfast she addressed him as follows:—

"Now, sir, you see the consequences of your own handiwork," she said, pointing to the discoloured eye; "and mark me, I feel a presentiment as sure as existence, that the babe I am carrying, whether male or female, will bear upon it the disgraceful stigma of your cowardice and brutality."

My father laughed at her prediction as a good jest, but when I made my appearance in six weeks afterwards, it was found that the force of imagination had corroborated her prophecy, and I presented as fine a specimen of the black eye as ever was witnessed in a pugilistic contest. My father hung his head for a time on witnessing such an extraordinary phenomenon, and attempted to console my mother, who was deeply affected, and shed bitter tears on an occasion so mysterious and wonderful.

"Tut," said he, "you alarm yourself unnecessarily; the matter wont signify; in the course of a short time, when the child begins to grow and arrive at his natural colour, you may rest assured that the mark will disappear, and he will resemble other children of his age. There will be many such interesting ornaments in the world so long as it goes on; so my young customer, let your practice be, when you grow up, to give to others as many of the same kind as you can, if it were only to keep yourself in countenance!"

He then grinned and sniggered at my mother, as if the matter was nothing but a good joke, for, unfortunately, he was one of those hardened and besotted men whom no calamity or visitation, however severe or significant, could lead to reflection or seriousness.

Before I was a week old he had christened me "Little Black Eye," and was in the habit of assuring my mother,

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with that heartless mirth which was peculiar to him, that she was a fool for crying and blubbering over the thing as a calamity.

"The truth is," he would proceed, "I receive it as an omen of good, as a supernatural prognostication that he will become an eminent man. Don't you know that almost every individual in existence has, as the proverb says, to fight his way through the world, and in such contests, my dear girl, many a man is forced to come off with marks and tokens of defeat far more formidable than the disaster of a black eye."

My mother was now a subdued woman, and I must say, that if my father had expended as much energy in any of the industrious or honourable pursuits of life as it took to subdue her, he might have then occupied a very different position in society. One would think, however, that he considered himself born for no other purpose than that of making her knock under. Indeed there are many men of his way of thinking—men who are cowards abroad among their fellows in society, and who, when they happen to be kicked home with contumely and contempt, no sooner arrive there than they assume the hero with their wives, and in consequence of their domestic courage, consider themselves entitled to a civic crown. On the contrary, there is another class of men to whom, as we are upon this subject, we may as well allude. We mean, then, those worthies who fight like devils among their fellow-men, who never leave a tavern or a public-house without a scrimmage or a row. These men seek for them, and when half or wholly drunk, provoke them with a blackguard ingenuity, which, if it prove nothing else, proves, at least, that they are not deficient in personal courage. Now, as we have said, this class stands out in strong contrast against the other. When one of them comes home at night he has his eye cautiously about him, but when he approaches his own house, his conduct resembles more the reconnaissance of a thief than the approach of a man to his proper residence. He looks about him in a state which it is not easy to describe; he strives to peep through the slits of the shutters; he sets his ear with his hand gathered behind it to try and catch the sounds within; he scrutinizes the area and the kitchen windows, but all to no purpose. At length he begins to mount the hall-door steps, he breathes a little short, and begins to fancy that he has got a heart-complaint in consequence of the rapidity of its pulsations; at length he raises his hand to knock, but he has not courage; he pauses and once more listens; but as it is now late, and feeling, as he does, the necessity of getting inside, he gives a knock, which trembles with such a cowardly vibration, as would seem to express the conscious guilt of the felon in the dock when the fearful question is put to him:—

"John Snooks, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Gu-i-l-ty, my lo-o-rd!"

And, now, why is all this incredible pusillanimity in a man who fought absolutely like a brick not more than an hour before? It seems there is a small instrument, of the very softest flesh in the human system,

which, especially so far as women are concerned, exercises a tremendous power in conjugal life. It projects from the glottis and larynx, and generally lies within the teeth. The exercise of its functions in woman constitutes a great mystery. The thunder-peal in the storm and tempest is mild when compared to it; the West India hurricane is like the breeze of morning when the effect of both are considered. It might be said to resemble the rattle-snake in venom, only that in this case the rattle is in the head, and not at the other extremity. This, then, is the formidable thing of which so many brave men, but especially valorous husbands, are so much afraid. This it is which makes them crawl with such a sneaking sense of cowardice up to bed, where they lie shivering like so many convicted felons, awaiting their summons to execution.

Now, my father belonged, for a portion of his married life, to each of those classes. The first alluded to was that which he adopted last, and under it, as I said, he subdued my mother. Indeed I question whether he would have succeeded in effecting that important object under a period of time much less than that of the Peninsular war, had not ill health disqualified her for continuing the contest.

At length the period for my christening came, and I was now three months old. The ceremony was postponed by my mother, under the hope that the natural hue which even that brief space produces in the complexion and colour of the skin in the case of infants in general, might have occasioned the stigma to diminish, or to disappear altogether; but, on the contrary, the colour seemed to be getting fast, week after week, and there was now nothing for it but to go through with the ceremony. I have often heard my mother say, that when the clergyman was standing over the font, just about to sprinkle the water on me, he started, and turning to her, as she stood with a pale face beside the sponsors, he said:

"Bless me, how did the child receive the accident which is so visible on his eye?"

"Sir," said my father, replying for her, "we believe it was his mother's elbow which came against it, as she was turning him in bed a couple of nights ago; the poor thing was no otherwise injured."

The clergyman then concluded the ceremony, and we all returned home to enjoy a festive christening—festive on the part of every one but my poor mother, who on my account felt the deepest remorse for the prediction which she had uttered previous to my birth, and the consequences of which, she felt assured, would accompany me, to the detriment of my character through life. It had a powerful effect upon her, and from that day forth she became a changed woman. She looked upon me, an unconscious baby, as the innocent victim of her own vanity, and her love of pleasure-parties, as well as of her husband's brutality, which was another cause of this deplorable affliction. Still, like my father, she hoped it might not last, and such after all is human nature, and human affection, that both my parents looked forward with a gratifying impression, that some of



these maladies incident and so dangerous to the young might come upon me, as by their influence on my features and complexion, the black mark might be removed. In cases of this kind, where parental affection is not guided by reason, and where the greater danger is frequently absorbed in the less, it is difficult to account for the conduct of parents. All my mother wished for now was the appearance of measles, hooping-cough, scarletina, or small-pox, with the expectation that through their means the offensive mark might be effaced. In one of them she had her wish to a certain extent. She refused to allow of my vaccination against the small-pox, and the consequence was, that when I recovered from that malady, although no otherwise disfigured in my complexion, it was discovered that I had lost the sight of my right eye, a circumstance which rendered it for ever impossible, that on growing up I could conceal the other eye by a green shade, which it had been proposed to do. To have done so would under these circumstances, have rendered me blind. It was my left eye on which the stigma rested.

This was a nice state of things, and I was now eight years of age; but although the greatest coward that ever walked the earth, yet mere boy, almost child, as I was, I had gained the character of being one of the most incorrigible young desperadoes that ever disgraced the neighbourhood. My cowardice was well known, however, by those of my own standing, and as a natural consequence I was cuffed, kicked, and licked by boys, who in point of size and age, ought to have had no chance in a boxing match with me. The cause of it was, however, that I still had the black eye, no matter how the battle went. The conversation of the people who knew little of our boyish quarrels, generally went to the following tune.

"What a hopeful youth is that young Macscampsey, son to Macscampsey, of the Drainwell property. Never out of a fight, like his father, and never without a black eye. It appears that he (the son) can seldom let a single day pass without a fight, and the consequence is, as is well known, that the young villain is never without a black eye."

Such is the opinion and morality of the world in general, when forming its judgments upon circumstances which it has not an opportunity of understanding. It must, however, say *something*, and although generally ignorant of that which engages its attention, and, for the most part, speaking at random, it feels it to be a much easier task—if it was only to prove its own moral purity—to launch its severest censures against those who may happen to become the topics of conversation, and who, if they carry the black eye, are innocent of the cause of it. Now I experienced this. I was, as I have said, such a thorough coward, and felt such reluctance to give offence, that I sedulously avoided every rencounter that would bring me into scrapes, and frequently with such success that my enemies failed in drawing me into them. All, however, was to no purpose. The next day I appeared with the black eye; and the consequence was, that the petty scandal of the neighbourhood fell heavily and bitterly upon me.

It was now considered time that I should be sent to school; and, indeed, to say the truth, I felt very anxious to acquire knowledge. My mother had taught me the mere elements, so that I could read and write a little before I went. She told my father that I was very quick and apprehensive, and that I possessed also an extraordinary memory.

"Ay," replied my father, in his usual sneering tone, "he is intellectual then, and will become an accomplished youth. Well, we must send him to our neighbour, the Rev. Dr. Tickler, who probably may draw the blood from his face to an opposite direction, and so cure him of the black eye."

Now there was one thing that my father dreaded, and that was lest the extraordinary history of the black eye should become known, aware, as he was, of his own brutal cowardice having been the occasion of it. On this account he extorted a solemn promise from my mother never to breathe it to human being, and that under the most formidable threats of vengeance in case she should divulge the secret. He also extorted a similar promise from myself, assuring me that if I ever violated it he would cast me out upon the world to sink or swim as best I might. On going to Dr. Tickler's he accompanied me, and after entering the school I naturally hung down my head, to conceal, if possible, the stigma with which I was marked, and for the appearance of which I had upon many grounds become so notorious then.

"Mr. Macscampsey," said the master, "this is your son?"

"I am sorry to say he is, sir," replied my father; "but still we must educate him. Education and knowledge may improve him, although I fear they won't."

"Why do you think so?" asked the schoolmaster; "from you, as his father, I should expect a better character of him."

"Oh," replied my father, "you don't know him—if ever there was an incarnate young devil, he is; never out of a juvenile row, never out of a fight."

"I think he has been in one very recently," observed the Doctor. "He appears to have got a black eye."

"Tut," said my father, "the young scoundrel is never without it. I would have sent him to Doctor Feathertaw, but Doctor Feathertaw is too lenient. Instead of scourging them *a posteriori*, as he ought to do, he goes upon the mild and remonstrating system, in consequence of which he has deprived you of half your pupils within the last twelve months."

"Well, sir," replied Dr. Tickler; "leave him with me. I know where I can direct my logic; and if in the course of a week you find him with a black eye, why never blame me for neglecting condign punishment as long as you live."

I do believe that cowardice is the most tyrannical principle upon earth. Those cowardly young vagabonds, who knew that I was a poltroon, never allowed me an hour's peace. On the contrary, the brave boys of the school, looking with admiration at my black eye as a proof that I had—as it is called—fought my corner,

frequently thrashed my oppressors. Still, wherever a black eye was given in other cases, it rapidly disappeared, as it always does with boys—but mine was permanent, and my young friends began very naturally to feel that nothing short of a villanous tendency to fighting could have brought me so perpetually into such a state of face.

"Ah," said Tickler, "I have given him four times the period of probation that I promised, and yet he never comes to school without what is properly termed the devil's crest. I remember the character which his own father gave me of him the very first day he came here—that he was a boxing, fighting vagabond, and an incarnate devil. I shall not retain him in my school—the young profligate is a disgrace to it—and yet if it were not for his villanous propensities, he is the smartest boy in it. I know not what will become of him—for my part I think there is nothing before him, when the villain grows up, but the prize-ring. In that respectable profession he may appear with a black eye without detriment to his character, because he will then have none to lose."

On reaching home, and entering the parlour, my father looked at me with his usual grin.

"Well," said he, as I laid down my satchel, "expelled, I suppose? eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now," he proceeded, turning to my mother, "isn't this a fine piece of business? Don't blubber," for she was in tears. "Here now is an old scoundrel who is drunk every day in the week, and yet he expels this boy because he happens to have one ineffaceable black eye. However, no matter, Jos. I will, in spite of social absurdity, ay, and in spite of hell to boot, push you through the world; and I am only sorry that you have not *two* black eyes instead of *one*."

"Jos," observed my mother, drying her eyes, and addressing him—"Jos," said she (I was called after my father), "don't undertake a battle with the world. The world is generally right, and no one man can fight it."

"But is it not unjust here?" he replied.

"No," replied my mother, "it is not. It only judges erroneously and from appearances; and so long as he has the black eye, I don't see how else it *could* judge. Remove the mark if you can, and he will pass through life as well as another—perhaps better than most."

"But why do you talk of impossibilities," he replied. "Many a wealthy scoundrel goes through life with his crimes and profligacies staring the world in the face, but because he is rich and independent, the world is blind to his iniquities. Confound the world; it is nothing but a mass of villany. Come, Jos, we'll try Feathertaw. We have not more than a quarter of a mile to go; put on your cap, although I have little expectation even from him."

We accordingly went to Feathertaw, who received us most graciously. He was a middle-sized man, and his courtesy was quite exemplary. His complexion was rosy, and the expression of his countenance mild and benevolent, if we except a peculiar twinkle in the

eye, and a twitching at the corners of his mouth, which smacked pretty strongly of what might be termed a very gentle cross between kindness and sensuality. His chin was round and full—that is to say, what has been termed an enjoying chin, whatever that may mean. His eyes were calm, and their expression, despite of the occasional twinkle, placid and contented, and such as are usually fixed in the face of a man who never looks abroad upon the world, but on the contrary, reflects that he conducts a flourishing establishment upon principles of kindness and gentle remonstrance with his pupils. Such, in fact, he was; an excellent teacher, who took his glass of wine after dinner, but also a good man who did more by kindness to his pupils ten times over than the scourgings of Tickler, with all his old-fashioned severity.

As we have said, his system was one of mildness and remonstrance; and if a pupil of violent and incorrigible temper came to him, he quietly dismissed him from his establishment; because, as he had laid down a system for conducting his school, he would allow no boy to remain in it whose conduct might force him to depart from it. Whether right or wrong, he was against correction—although how a school can be conducted without it is a problem, we think, of no difficult solution.

We were shown into a parlour, where he soon joined us, with a peacock's feather in his hand.

"I need not pretend to say that I do not know Mr. Macscampsey," said he, and he shook hands with my father.

"Why, we are neighbours, sir," replied my father, "and consequently know each other, at least in appearance. This is my son, sir, and I wish to place him as a day-scholar under your instructions."

Feathertaw scanned me pretty closely; but, as I felt conscious of my unhappy blemish, I had turned over to the window, out of which I pretended to look, as if I had seen something that interested me.

"You must know, sir," said he, addressing my father, "that I am a physiognomist, and take much credit for the skill with which I draw my inferences of character from the human countenance. Come over, my dear boy, and allow me to look into your face."

Unfortunately, I had nothing else for it; and, as I turned round, I felt that I blushed. He contemplated my countenance very closely; but, on discovering the stigma, his eyes gave that particular twinkle for which they were remarkable.

"The face is good," said he, "and the features exceedingly intelligent. He is evidently a boy not of violent temper or habits. The black eye I overlook, because every boy of his age is liable to have one occasionally; but indeed when I reflect that he was among the scholars of Mr. Tickler, I am not surprised at it. Are you fond of fighting, my good boy?"

"He's an incarnate devil," replied my father, who was beginning to give the thing up; "he's never out of a shindy."

"Well," replied Feathertaw, with a benignant smile,



and an approving twinkle, "I don't like him the worse for that. My best boys are always inclined to pugnacity; but I restrain the principle by advice and remonstrance. I was myself, when about his age, a regular buffer, and, of course, was often treated to a black eye. No—I don't think the worse of him for it. I like a boy of spirit; but, as it happens, the principles upon which I conduct this establishment are such as will prevent him from having a black eye in future. I take," said he, turning to my father, "every pupil who comes to my school simply as a probationer for a month. If, during the course of that period, I find that he is manageable, I retain him; if not amenable to the principles on which the seminary is conducted, I privately dismiss him. I never correct, or, if I do, here," he added, shaking the peacock's feather, "is the instrument of castigation. I take him then for a month on trial, and when the black eye disappears, I trust he will become a permanent pupil. I know what youngsters are, and sometimes—notwithstanding the mildness of my sway—I am compelled to witness the occasional appearance of a similar disfigurement among my pupils. Let him be here at nine o'clock to-morrow."

This is a painful story, so far at least as my early life is concerned. At the expiration of the month, my father received a polite note from Feathertaw, stating, that as it appeared from the perpetual occurrence of juvenile broils and battles, that I was never without a black eye, it would not be for the credit of his establishment to retain me in it. He said I was a boy of surprising intellect—in fact, unrivalled in his school; but that my violent and pugnacious propensities out of school were such as returned me to his establishment every day with a regular black eye. He entreated my father to look more closely to my morals, and to the juvenile society with which I mingled; adding that, from the proofs of intellect which I had exhibited, he entertained little doubt that I would yet work my way respectably and successfully in life.

What was now to be done? I was certainly in a gentlemanly manner expelled from Feathertaw's establishment; but to any other my father knew not where to apply.

At length it occurred to him that there was a respectable teacher in the neighbourhood who was shortsighted. He was a good-natured man, but obstinate beyond belief. After I had gone to him several complaints had been made against me on the score of the black eye. These complaints were urged by boys whom I had displaced from their positions in school. I always stood at the head of my class; and the fine old fellow, on hearing such reports, frequently broke his knuckles over his desk in attempting to beat the complainants.

"I don't care," he would exclaim, "if he had fifty black eyes; he conducts himself properly in school—there is no match for him, as a boy of intellect, in it. I am not accountable for his conduct out of doors, and so long as he is peaceable here, I will hear no reports against him. Jos, put *tupto* through the first and second aorists."

With this man I received a sound classical education, and I must say that the progress I made under him gratified my father excessively. It is true, the boys became tired of making complaints against me: and as the old fellow's blindness prevented him from seeing the obnoxious mark, I passed on without any particular annoyance.

My life, however, boy though I was, I felt to be a hard one. There was not in Europe a quieter or better conducted lad, but at the same time it so happened that my character as an incorrigible young scoundrel was infamous. Did I not carry the abiding testimony of my early profligacy in my face?

At all events, I remained four years with this good-natured, but purblind old fellow, who was by the way a prodigy of classical learning, and I believe, could repeat by heart Virgil, and Homer, and Horace, with most of the other classical authors. He was well acquainted with the Epistles of Phalaris, and old Bentley was his favourite critic. I was, need I say, his pet boy in the school, simply because I was the best boy in it. In the meantime, I was growing up into the stature of a young man, but my character followed, or rather accompanied me. That which might have been overlooked with indulgence in a mere school-boy, now settled down in a spirit of scandal, so inveterate, that I was treated with general contempt, and talked of as an incurable and hopeless reprobate. I was avoided by every one, and found myself excluded from society, and when my father happened to be asked to a party, there was a gentle hint thrown out that I was not to accompany him. This resulted from my father's determination to *force* me through life in spite of all opposition. He failed, as my mother told him he would, but still he felt anxious that my education, and the gentle qualities of my disposition, should enable me to pass through the world in spite of the stigma which, between my mother and him, had been left upon me.

My father was half good and half evil—but I must say that at a very early period of my life I observed that amongst his violent and singular eccentricities, there lay at the bottom of his heart a strong but disguised affection for myself. On returning home at night tipsy, and when I was asleep in bed, he would bring my mother up to my bed-room, and after having kissed me gently, he would say, in an under tone—

"There is the only object of my affection on earth—but unhappily, the shadow of his father's name and character is upon him. But it is not just, and why should it be so? He is innocent, it is I that am guilty."

It was now resolved that I should enter college, and endeavour to distinguish myself. My blind old teacher came to me on the morning I was to go away.

"Jos," said he, "you are about to enter college—your father here is present, and I tell him, and I tell you, that you will get first place. I expect," he added, addressing my father, "to have a letter from him, announcing the fact. I know the boy, and I know the man who has taught him for the last four years."

The good old gentleman was right. I entered college and I got first place; but the Examiner told me that he wished to speak with me after the examinations should be concluded. I accordingly remained in the hall until most, if not all, of the students were gone.

"Now," said he "we are to compare the answering—so that we cannot determine to-day; I have no hesitation in saying that you have first place. You have missed nothing, and besides, I have taken a fancy to you; I believe you are an excellent bit of goods. Come to my rooms, and I think I will have it in my power to render you a service. That black eye of yours will probably prevent you from getting first place; but as they know me—I mean the Fellows—I will be able to settle it in your favour. Come along."

Now the man who thus addressed me was the smallest man in college, but he was a regular trump both in head and hands. When we reached his rooms he cautiously shut the door.

"Now," said he, pulling off his coat, "strip at once; I know by the brilliancy of your eye that you have a relish for it. You have one black eye, but I must give you another, otherwise I won't be able to get you first place."

"But I don't understand you," I replied.

"Strip off!" he returned, "we must have two or three rounds. My object is to give you another black eye, in order to get you your proper position; come strip off, and let us set to!"

When I looked upon the apparently contemptible creature before me, I felt something like courage revive in my heart. We set to work, and in a very few minutes he had me gathered up in the corner of the room.

"That will do," said he, stooping down and looking at me, "that will do; you have now two black eyes instead of one; leave the rest to me, you shall have first place."

The truth is: the generous fellow took the whole blame of my black eye upon himself, by stating to the fellows, that as he had heard I was a bruiser, he had challenged me to a contest of pugilistic skill, and that consequently the disfigurement of my face was the result of his own handiwork. I accordingly, after some difficulty, got first place—a circumstance which gratified my father and my old master beyond belief.

I was now peculiarly fixed; possessed of a double character—a good one and a bad one. The fact of having obtained the first place at entrance, occasioned many eyes to be fixed upon me, much to my own mortification and shame.

"What a pity, they would say, that that brilliant and fine-looking young fellow should be such a d——d blackguard! never without a black eye! It seems he thrashed M——, the fellow who is able to thrash any other man in college; and that he and Bully Boyton are to have a regular serious set-to some morning at day-break in the college-park; and yet they say he is very peaceable; for did not young Quiverlip, as he is called, the most notorious coward in college, presuming upon

his apparent mildness, kick him out of Bob Trundle's room. You know that Trundle's father is a d——d vulgar coach-maker."

In this way my character was handled during my residence in college. Not that I was without supporters; for if there be an establishment in the world where manly and generous feeling prevails, it is certainly in Trinity College, Dublin.

Still I led a wretched life; and if it were not for my uniform successes which followed each other up until I gained the gold medals, I think I should have left it. But ambition, glorious principle, supported me; so did the advice and counsel of my tutor—the same who drubbed me up with so little difficulty in his own rooms, and all because the generous little hero thought I was one of his own kidney. I did not know until afterwards the battle he fought for me at the board, before which he insisted to be called, in order to give evidence against himself, and in my favour.

During my residence in college, it was impossible that my connexion with that class of students called *scamps*, could be avoided. They were, generally, the sons of the gentry and aristocracy, and as I was a distinguished student, and also the scion of a blackguard family, they courted my society. We consequently went out upon town together at night, and being rather the worse of liquor, created rows with the people, in which we generally got ourselves well drubbed. Our own bail was mostly taken, when it was understood that we were college chaps—for, after all, there is a feeling of singular kindness among the citizens towards that rollicking class, and the more uproarious they are, the better they are liked by the people. Still, on the next morning we had to appear, and foremost amongst them did I stand with the mark of the last night's row, as it was supposed, strongly on my eye. Those rows, I need scarcely say, had occurred frequently, and, coward as I was, I felt quite gratified to make one in them. In fact, I felt even my black eye as rather a credit to a college scamp. That was all very well, until next morning's investigation took place. There sat the chief magistrate of the city, with his bland, good-humoured face, and magnificent intellectual forehead, looking at us with a benevolent sense of humour, which he could not, with all his magisterial dignity, conceal.

"Well, gentlemen, what it all this about?"

"Please your worship," replied the policeman, "it's a college row."

"Well, but how is it a college row? I was in many a college row myself."

"Why, your worship, the scamps were drunk, and attacked the people."

"Put the scamps forward," said the magistrate; "I think I ought to be acquainted with most of their faces."

We were shoved on, but I held back, because I perceived that there was not a black eye among them but my own, and, of course, on this account I would be considered the ringleader.

Every one is, of course, acquainted with the usual routine of such investigations. Small fines were im-

posed, and promises of future good conduct exacted, and we were on the point of leaving the office, when the worthy magistrate motioned me over.

"Now," said he, "I can overlook the freaks of youth with as much indulgence as is consistent with my public duty as a magistrate; but when I see a hardened and untractable young sinner like this, who carries the mark of his profligacy upon his face, I cannot pass him by as I would another. It is a face that I am well acquainted with, for it has been often here, and I am bound to say that I never yet saw it without that symbol of violence, which at present appears upon it."

I accordingly was doubly fined, and received a hint that it was by no means an unlikely event, that in case I ever appeared there again in the same plight, there was every probability of my paying a visit to the penitentiary.

God help us! What, after all, is justice? Here was I, who didn't raise a hand in the street brawl of the preceding night, doubly punished, because, not only the society in which I was found, but above all, my own unlucky appearance, both condemned me.

My life now begins to darken. The next day I received a letter from my mother, the appearance of which filled me with the deepest apprehension. It was a mourning letter, sealed with black, and on opening it, I found, by its contents, that my father was dead. His dissolution, though not unexpected, was still rather sudden, and what added to my grief was, that I did not know in what circumstances he had left my mother. The only hope on which I could rest, was in the fact that an uncle of mine, my mother's brother, was a man of enormous wealth—of prudent, but eccentric habits—one proof of which was, that from the day of my mother's marriage until that on which I received the account of my father's death, he never either wrote or spoke to her, nor would he permit the names of either herself or her husband to be mentioned to him, and the same interdict was laid on mine. From him, of course, we had but slight expectations.

It was found, and I was not surprised at it, that my thoughtless and unfortunate father died a beggar, with the character also of gambler, spendthrift, and profligate. It is true I had some thoughts of writing to my uncle, and of stating to him the circumstances of distress in which my father had left us. I also asked my mother's permission to account for the black eye; but this her respect for my father's memory prevented her from acceding to. She repudiated the notion of it with indignation.

"When dying," she said, "he confessed to me that although he did not treat you as a father should have done, inasmuch as he squandered the property which ought to be, and would have been, yours, yet he loved you better than anything in this life, except his own passions and propensities."

I believed this to be true, but still I felt there was a deep and painful moral in it.

"Now, mother," said I, "what am I to do? My father has left us both penniless, with only the legacy of a bad

name. You have now none to look to for support but myself. What am I to do? What *can* I do? Can I get a profession? Is not this mark like the mark of Cain upon me?"

The tortures of the damned were not greater than those I felt at the moment the words escaped my lips. I always knew that she attributed more blame to herself than to my father, and perhaps justly, for the stigma that was impressed upon me, in consequence of the phrenzied expressions she had used to him on the night when she uttered that fatal and inhuman prophecy.

"Jos," said she, "try now and live for yourself; you won't have me to live for long."

I consoled her as well as I could; but I now found that my very growth and manly stature were against me, for my black eye would no longer be termed a freak of boyhood, but the deliberate, incurable blackguardism of a full-grown young profligate. Unfortunately, I am obliged to say, that society made this distinction against me, but, at the same time, I could not blame it, although I suffered by its verdict. Let no man say, or attempt to say, that innocence is a support in cases of severe trial. The principle may sometimes be true, indeed, but I think that in general it is false. It is, however, a question of too much importance to be discussed here; and I do not think myself a sufficiently profound casuist to attempt its solution in these pages.

I had no want at all of energy, but I did not see what I could do, either for myself or my mother. I was acquainted with no handicraft trade, and, indeed, the prospect before us was very blank and disheartening. The remnant of my father's property was scarcely sufficient to sustain her, putting myself out of the question. Still I could not shake the notion of entering a profession out of my mind, and, above all others, what should the devil put into my head to select but that of the church. I knew my own intellectual powers right well, and that in the divinity class I would be *facile princeps*. On this occasion my hair-dresser stood to me.

"Lawless," said I, "I want you to dress my hair—but you must be cautious in doing so on this occasion. I am this day attending the divinity class for the first time. Could you give my hair and whole face anything of a sanctimonious air?"

The villain could not help grinning when he looked at the black-eye.

"Well," said he, "would you wish to be thoroughly distinguished?"

"As much so as possible," I replied.

"Well," said he, "I think we can manage it. In the first instance," he proceeded, "I must paint your eye—but you may rest assured that I am not going to use lamp black."

"Go on," said I—"take your own way of it."

He then painted my eye into a flesh-colour, after which he clapped a long black wig upon my head, and having furnished me with a pair of green goggles, he turned me out to attend the divinity class.

"Now," said he, "I have given you the first shove

into the church, and I trust that when you are a bishop, you won't forget the man who prepared you for your divinity lectures."

There was a bitterness in his mirth, which perhaps he did not intend, but, at all events, half in mirth and half in indignation I made my first appearance at the lectures.

My success here was equal to my successes elsewhere. They were, however, of short duration. The history of the barber's disguise of me soon became known, through my own folly I must admit—for I had not sense to keep my secret; and it was generally supposed and reported that, depending on my talents, I went into the class as a hoax, and in order to throw divinity and religion altogether into ridicule. It was also stated that I was an infidel or an atheist, and, of course, that I was unfit to live in Christian society.

In the mean time, whilst the world thus pressed upon me, my principal anxiety was the condition of my poor mother. I revolved in my mind what the best steps were that I could take for her support. I had no chance now for any profession. Law was out of the question. In the first place, I had not means to prosecute my legal studies, and in the next, my character was so thoroughly abroad upon the world, in an offensive sense, that I felt all the usual openings of life closed against me. I thought of literature, and attempted it, but found that, like many others who distinguish themselves as mere college students, I possessed none of that creative or original genius which is calculated to startle the world. Men may win gold medals, and the most brilliant honours which a college can bestow, and, at the same time, remain, with respect to the highest order of intellect, as thorough dunces as ever lived. Goldsmith and Swift passed through Trinity College as dunces—but we are not to flame out against the college for that. The higher order of intellect is generally incompatible with the tame drudgery of college education. Whilst the drudge in science and in classics is absorbed in his studies, and the hope of acquiring that petty distinction which dies within the walls of the establishment, or generally expires upon the doors and door-posts of the college gates, the man of imagination and genius is building poetic castles in the air, and probably touching or retouching such a piece of beauty as an ode on the death of Sir John Moore.

Of course I knew not now in what direction to turn. If the world had judged me with anything like charity, it might have found out that my black eye was not the result of my own profligacy, but merely a natural stigma with which I was born, as hundred are with marks of every description. That, however, is not the principle with which the world proceeds. It does not take in the long extended part of a man's whole life, but judges him upon parts and occasional appearances, which parts and occasional appearances it extends to his whole life, even when the parts and appearances are false.

At the present time of my life and narrative, it was supposed that my father left my mother and me tolerably independent, but I was now beginning to feel such a

downward tendency to degradation, that I cared very little what steps I took. Marriage occurred to me; and I resolved to act upon the speculation if I could. I felt, however, that it would be necessary to pay my addresses at a distance rather than run the risk of making them in person. The whole thing was a fraudulent proceeding on my part. The girl was a beautiful girl, and had a fortune of about twelve hundred a-year. I felt no remorse, however, in attempting to secure both her and it; and I would be glad to ask Hypocrisy where the young man is, who with two such temptations before him would not have made the same attempt.

Now, thought I to myself, I must, in the first place, win upon this girl's affections through an amorous and sensitive correspondence by letter; I write a beautiful letter (here was a vain young rascal); I will engage her heart by the beauty of my style, and for that purpose I will steal the contents of them from Rousseau. Well, the matter went on to my perfect satisfaction; my thefts from Rousseau were beautiful and felicitous; the sentiments tender as a chicken; when, at length, I was asked to pay herself and her uncle a friendly visit.

Now, thought I, Lawless must stand my friend again.

I accordingly repaired to him, and candidly mentioned the nature of my journey, and the object on which I was bent.

"Well," said he, "if I failed to get you into the church, perhaps I may be more successful in marriage."

Nothing from the hand of man could be more pictorially effective than his handiwork, and I accordingly set out upon my first matrimonial expedition with an exulting heart. Excepting the blemish I was one of the best made and most handsome young fellows whom you could meet, and I thought that upon that occasion I could take my fair one by a *coup-de-main*. I had not many miles to go, and I travelled in a hired gig in order to keep up my respectability; but as my usual misfortune would have had it, the evening became one of the severest and stormiest which I remember to have occurred from that day to this. The strength of the wind almost prevented me from keeping my seat, and the rain battered into my face with incredible violence. At length I arrived at the handsome residence of the young lady, or rather of her uncle, with my black eye as clearly visible as if the paint had been actually spunged off it. My heart fell, especially when the uncle of the lady insisted on my going up to a dressing-room in order to set myself to rights.

"My dear young man," said he, "when we had reached the room, 'servants don't understand these things; come,' he added, taking up a towel, 'I will be your valet myself.'"

He took up the towel and wiped my forehead with absolute tenderness.

"D—n it!" said he, "your face is pretty dry and clean now, with the exception of this black mark under what we old fellows call the left ogle. What the devil!—I can't get it rubbed out. Here, John, bring up some sandstone."

"Pardon me, my dear sir," said I, "you don't pro-



bably know that I am a sportsman ; I received that black eye two days ago in taking a rasper to which my horse was not equal."

I was asked to dine on that day week, but enquiries had gone abroad concerning me and my black eye, and a polite note informed me, written by the uncle, that the family were obliged to leave home, and that he must, as the guardian of his niece, withdraw his sanction to my proposals.

"Now," said I, "there is nothing left for it but to attach myself to some of the religious parties. I am very near the end of my tether ; and only for that small anonymous support which my mother receives from some kind benefactor, I know not what either she or I could do. I don't imagine that the individual who transmits it to her ever for a moment contemplated that a young man like me, well educated, and who ought to be able rather to assist his mother than depend upon her, should ever participate in his bounty, small as that bounty is. I consequently considered it base and unmanly to allow myself to be a burthen on her—although I knew she would have shared her last morsel with me.

"Well then," said I, "as I have failed in Divinity, I will try religion."

I accordingly went to an eminent bishop, rather extensively known in the world, and introduced myself to him as a well-educated young man, who, after having studied and contrasted the two religions of Catholicism and Protestantism, had come to the resolution of deciding on the true faith.

"What do you call the true faith?" he asked.

"Why, my lord," I replied, "I am sure you must have read Dryden's beautiful allegory of the Hind and Panther—'a milk-white hind—'"

"I know it," said he ; "but, in the mean time, there is very little analogy between the milk-white hind and your black eye. Sir, I wish to hold no further conversation with you. I believe you to be nothing but an impostor."

"Is there no charity in the world?" I inquired.

"No," he replied ; "get rid of your black eye, and when you come to look for a religion, don't come with such a recommendation as that."

I departed, full of the odour of his charity.

"This is life," thought I ; "every thing judged of by appearances."

I now felt nearly driven to despair ; but still I resolved to make other efforts. I thought of the Methodists, and went to one of their most popular preachers, to whom I presented myself as a young man, prompted by the spirit to withdraw from the temptations of a sinful world, and to attempt, aided by inward grace, henceforth to travel Zionwards. He looked at me with a very sanctimonious grin and an upper lip dreadfully carnal.

"How would you designate yourself now?" said he.

"I think," replied I, and I pulled as long a face as I could, "I think I would designate myself as a brand plucked from the burning."

"All I can say is, that a brand plucked from the burning, as you say you are, ought not to present himself as a convert to true gospel principles with a black

eye. Go forth, young man, and, if possible, sin no more?"

"That sir," I replied, "is an unchristian and unfeeling application of one of the most beautiful passages in scripture."

I then tried the Quakers, but with the same result. They were a peaceful brotherhood ; one of them told me—opposed to general wars and to strife of every description, and, he added, "when thou makest application to join the peaceful Society of Friends, it should not be with a black eye, nor with the marks of human violence so strongly legible on thy face."

Desperation now came upon me. My mother had got ill, and what with the expenses of medical attendance and a nurse, she was reduced almost to destitution. I, in the meantime could not be a burthen on her, and the consequence was that I sank—sank—sank—until I believe it was impossible for me to have gone lower ; my dress was tattered ; I knew not how I lived, but I could remember that like Sam Johnson and his friend Savage, I paraded the streets of Dublin at night without a farthing in my pocket, was often nearly two days and nights without food, and slept repeatedly in open halls, but generally on the stairs, where my head was kept high.

One day I was in this most wretched state—hunger and want visible on my wasted cheek-bones and general appearance, when I happened to encounter my former tutor—the man who in three minutes doubled me up for the generous purpose which I have already stated.

"What the deuce!" he exclaimed on meeting me, "are you living or are you dead? or are you another man?"

"I am not certain," I replied, "whether I am living or dead ; but I am perfectly certain that you are mistaken in my person : because whatever you may think, I am not the man whom you some time ago knew."

"Well, then, if you are not," said he, "who are you?"

"A poor, beggarly, degraded wretch," I returned ; "brought to the lowest state of distress and famine by the generosity and charity of the world."

"Well," he proceeded, "I want to see you in my rooms after dusk ; I have had a garret-bed for you—and not a bad one. But I say that I have been searching the town for you during the last week."

"Ay," I replied, "but I have no place of residence at present."

"Never mind that," he returned ; "here is a pound for you ; go and get a good dinner, and come to my rooms after dusk."

"Why after dusk?" I asked. "Ashamed of me ! eh?"

"Not a whit," he replied ; "but I have motives for making you my lodger at present, which you cannot now know, yet which in due time you shall."

I accordingly reached his apartments, where we had some moderate refreshments—neither he nor I were drinking men—and we passed a pleasant evening until it was time to retire to rest.

The next morning I awoke, and breakfasted with my tutor, who appeared to have assumed a very dry and significant look—a look, to say the truth, which puzzled me very much. I knew the goodness of his heart, and that he had uniformly been my friend ; and I have

reason to know that he thrashed some cowardly scoundrels who were base enough, upon the strength only of common report, to attack my character and calumniate me behind my back. His conduct was at all events totally incomprehensible, and I resolved to wait a little to try if I could understand it. After breakfast he went to look, I think, after some pictures, for he was and is an excellent judge of all works of art. But he had not been long gone when an old fellow, dressed in shabby livery, entered the breakfast-room, and made me a very low bow—one, indeed, for which, were it not for his age, I could, and probably would, have kicked him out of the room. Having resumed his erect position, he looked at me with a keen, scrutinising eye, which was still more offensive than the ceremonial politeness of the bow. My wardrobe was, as I have said, in a most dilapidated state, and rendered the proposal which he immediately made me little less than a studied and impudent insult.

"I understand, sir," said he, "that you want a servant to attend you, and to help you to dress; for upon my soul, when I look at you, it strikes me that you will find it a rather difficult and hazardous affair to dress without assistance."

The accursed impudence of this had something rather ludicrous in it, especially when I reflected on its truth. Accordingly I knew not whether I had better laugh, or shove the old scoundrel out of the room.

"My good fellow," said I, "I rather think you labour under a mistake. I am not the gentleman who occupies these rooms."

"Well," he replied, "I don't know whether I labour under a mistake or not—that between us will be a matter of time—but be that as it may, I come to offer myself as your servant."

"Are you ignorant," said I, "that you are addressing a beggar? How can a man who is not able to live, even on his own behalf, undertake to support a servant?"

"I don't want you to support me," said he, "my support will be no burthen to you."

"Why," I replied, "if I was insane enough to think of engaging you, I have no means of doing anything whatsoever for you. You see my whole wardrobe on my back; with the exception of a few shillings, I am penniless—homeless. I wish," said I, throwing myself on a chair, and bursting into tears, "I wish I was dead. You know not," I proceeded, "to what a desolate condition I have been brought. I live," I exclaimed, in an under tone, "under the shadow of my father's name."

"Well, now," said he, "my young man, I am afraid you have been rather wild; pardon an old man, for I am resolved to be your servant. How did you come by that black eye?"

I was taken completely by surprise, and replied—

"That is a secret which shall perish with me."

This, I felt, was unconsciously betraying too much.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, correcting myself, "I got it in a street brawl a night or two ago."

I know not how it came about why I felt so unusually moved, but I buried my face in my hands and groaned out—

"Oh! I am very desolate, and all but friendless.

Do not stop with me now," I continued; "I don't wish to be rude to you, but I beg you to depart."

"I overheard you," said he, paying no attention to my words, "exclaiming in a low voice, that 'you lived under the shadow of your father's name.' It must have been a dark shadow, indeed, or such an exclamation would never have proceeded from your lips."

I looked at this old man in faded livery, who came to offer me his services as a *valet*—but I could not tell how it came about—he was growing upon me, gaining upon me in a way which absolutely confounded me.

"Excuse me," said he, "is your mother living?"

"She is living," I replied, "and in distress, and the severest pang that presses upon my heart is, that with good talents, and an accomplished education, I feel that I can render her no assistance. Her only means of life are derived from the benevolence of some anonymous friend, who is evidently not in a condition to afford her more."

"But has she no relations who might be in a capacity to assist her?"

"She has a very wealthy brother, my uncle, whom I have never seen."

"Never seen! and pray, how does that come to pass?"

"Why, since her marriage with my father, he never would suffer their names, or even mine, to be mentioned to him. If there was a fault, or a crime in their marriage, I, at least, was innocent of it."

His livery was drab coloured, and appeared to be much too large for him. On hearing my last words, he deliberately, and without either preface or apology, walked two or three times across the room, having threatened or attempted to thrust his hands into his coat pockets—for his arms were too short to reach farther than the flaps.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell you what, I think your uncle is an old scoundrel—that is my opinion."

"You impudent old varlet," I replied, "I know not how it is that you have obtruded yourself upon me in such an extraordinary manner. How dare you have the presumption to speak of any relative of mine in such insolent terms?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," he replied, "I forgot myself, and indeed, if you kicked me out of the room it would be only what I deserve. But let me ask you another question: Why is it that you are so friendless?"

"Because all the avenues of the world, all the avenues to success and honourable ambition, are closed against me."

"Well, young gentleman," he replied, "that is a hard case; but why not look to chance? Why not try fortune? Were you ever a gambler? Why not try the gaming-table?"

"I never was a gambler," I answered; "and what is more, I never will. It was the practice of extravagance and gambling that left me a beggar."

"What kind of a man was your father?"

"I cannot speak disrespectfully of my father," I returned; "I remember one night when he came to my bed, and stooping, kissed me gently, exclaiming in a low voice, whilst I felt the tears falling on my face—'Poor boy, you are doomed to pass through life under the shadow of your father's name.' My father had many follies, but no crimes."

"D—n it," said the old fellow, his features twitching in a most extraordinary manner; "I—I—d—n it—



what's this; I have forgotten my snuff-box. Oh, yes, that's the reason of it."

Now, I had been playing with the tutor's snuff-box, which I kept turning about in my hands during the greater part of our conversation, and on ascertaining that he felt at a loss for a pinch, I opened it and presented it to him.

"Do you take snuff?" he asked, looking me sharply in the face.

"Indeed I do not," I replied; "I could not afford it; this is Mr. M——'s box, which he must have forgotten; however, I am happy to offer you a pinch out of it," and I presented the open box. He certainly took the pinch, but never did man exhibit such a triumphant display of sneezing as he did upon that occasion. For nearly a quarter of an hour his stertutations were loud and terrific. In fact, I feared he would have broken a blood-vessel. At length he recovered, and resumed the conversation.

"Well," he proceeded, "so you will not try the gaming-table?"

"No," said I, "certainly not. As I told you before, it was the gaming-table that left me what I am."

"Why not try to marry a wife; pick up a fortune."

"I have tried that already, but with my usual success. I think I have nothing for it now but to enlist as a common soldier. I would have done that before, were it not from an expectation of something turning up which might enable me to make the remainder of my mother's life more comfortable."

"What kind of a woman is your mother?"

"She was," I replied, "in the earlier part of her life rather sharp and acid, and, it was said, resembled her brother, my uncle, a good deal in her temper. She was, however, affectionate, and benevolent too, so long as it was in her power to be benevolent."

"But why not apply to your wealthy old uncle?"

"I spoke to my mother about that too, but she replied that such an application would be attended only by insult. 'The man,' she said, 'who laid an interdict upon our very names, would not be apt to pay any attention to our claims; and yet,' said she to me, 'we were once affectionate play-fellows, and he was my dearest brother;' here she wept bitterly. 'You know that all your other uncles are dead, and that none of the elder branches of the family remain now, but himself and me.'"

"Well," said I to my mother, "I perceive clearly that although he neglected you, and estranged himself from you so long, you love him still."

"Oh!" she replied, "it is not the wealthy man of the world that I think of, but the boy and play-fellow of our early times—my young and affectionate brother, who loved me then."

"D—n it!" he exclaimed, in a voice not very distinctly audible—then running to the window, and looking into the yard, "here's an accident has occurred," said he.

I went to the window, but could see nothing.

"I don't think there is any accident," I observed.

"Well, perhaps not," he returned, "but I thought I heard a crash under the window."

"Merely the shutting of a door—nothing else."

He hemmed, but seemed to feel—I thought it was time for him—that our interview had been long enough.

"Well," he proceeded, "what now is to be done? Am I to attend you as your servant, or am I not?"

"After all that has passed between us," I replied, "I wonder you could put such a question to me. You either must be some confounded old knave, or some egregious fool. You have broken in upon my privacy here with a series of most impertinent questions, not one of which I should have answered. I now desire you to leave the room—otherwise I shall be obliged to call up Mr. M.'s servant to expel you out of it."

He accordingly took his hat, which had a vile withered cockade upon it—the very emblem of that worn by some old battered vagabond who had not been in place for years, but who had contrived notwithstanding to steal his master's livery.

When Mr. M. returned I mentioned the circumstance of the old scoundrel's extraordinary interview with me, who in reply said, with the same dry face which I had observed before, that he thought it was very odd, and could not understand it.

The next morning the old fellow made his appearance again, and as a regular *valet* presented me with a letter.

"From whom is this?" I inquired.

"Why, I suppose, sir, the perusal of the letter itself will give you that information."

"True," I replied—"you are right; but don't go, I may have to reply to it."

On opening the note I found it short, but somewhat mysterious:—

A gentleman presented his compliments, and wished to have the pleasure of Mr. J. Maccampsey's company at dinner in Gresham's hotel that evening, at the hour of six—*sharp*.

"What means this?" I asked the old fellow; "who can this gentleman be?" and again, "how did you come by this letter?"

"That I cannot tell you," he replied; "but, at the same time, he desired me to tell you, that if you come and dine with him, and place yourself in his hands, he will cure you of your black eye."

"But don't you know I can't go in this trim; and as I told you before, I have no change of apparel."

"Well," replied the old fellow, "you have a good person and a handsome face, with the exception. But, after all, I don't think it was your mere coat—such as it is—he asked to dinner. With such a coat it is very few would ask you; and if it was only for the novelty of the thing, I am of opinion you ought to go. I don't think myself that since you came into that trim, you have had many invitations to dinner."

A thought immediately struck me—every man, I reflected, has a turning-point in life—some for the better some for the worse; now in point of temporal circumstances—apart from guilt—worse I cannot be. If there be a turning-point it must be for the better.

"Well, my old friend, as you seem determined to take an interest in me, give the gentleman my compliments; say I am obliged for his kind invitation; and that I shall do myself the pleasure of waiting on him at six o'clock. But mark me; contrive to make some apology for the defects of my wardrobe."

"Confound it," he exclaimed, "I can't invent a lie.

"I wish you could. It will be a very severe trial on me to appear as I stand."

"I shall do every thing I can for you," said he; "but remember six o'clock; and don't let your heart fail you."

As six o'clock approached, I tried to see my tutor, but was informed that he had left his rooms a little before. I then went out, thinking, as every ill-dressed educated man thinks, that all eyes were fixed upon me. I went by Marlborough-street, for greater privacy turned into Gregg's-lane, and so arrived at Gresham's.

Now it is very strange that I had forgotten to inquire the name of the gentleman who had invited me to dine with him; but the truth is, I was too much surprised and agitated by such an invitation; and the result was, that on presenting myself at the cross door of the hall, I was debarred access. I told them I was coming to dine with a gentleman then stopping there. There were two or three waiters present, in addition to the hall porter; and who, on taking a survey of my apparel and black eye, were about to send for the police—taking it for granted that I was some drunken scoundrel who did not know what I was about. At this moment my tutor came in, and soon set every thing to rights. We went up stairs to a private room, where we found four or five gentlemen sitting. I thought there must have been some mistake, and began to apologise for my appearance. My friend, the tutor, however, told them that there was no mistake, and introduced me to them. But, good heavens! how was I astonished when, on hearing my name they assembled about me, and kept shaking my hands, until my arms ached.

In a few minutes afterwards a gentleman entered the room with a lady on his arm; but judge of my incredible astonishment when on looking at her I perceived that she was my mother. That, however, was not all; more astonishment awaited me. The gentleman himself was no other than the old fellow who had come to offer me his services as *valet*; there was a benevolent grin upon his features, which, in addition to the strong resemblance between him and my mother, put it beyond question, that the said *millionaire* was my uncle.

"My son," said my mother, "allow me to introduce you to your uncle, my dear brother."

"That, my dear Jane," replied my *valet*, "is quite unnecessary; he and I, though not long known to each other, are nevertheless old acquaintances. Nephew, shake hands, and although you were near kicking me out of the room yesterday, yet I am not going to kick you out of mine to-day; and now here's the waiter to announce dinner. Come, my dear sister; gentlemen, follow us."

After dinner, my uncle addressing one of the gentlemen, who it appeared was an eminent solicitor, said: "Mr. Hanly, I think we had better produce those papers, and let this matter be finished at once; I must cure this young fellow of the black eye which the world has given him."

There is no use in stretching out this narrative. In half an hour's time I, at that moment, almost in tatters, found myself in possession of thirty thousand pounds, with an income independently of that of three thousand a-year. All the documents were there, the money had

already been transferred or lodged to my credit in the Bank of Ireland, and the annual income of three thousand pounds a-year was from landed property, settled on me and mine for ever.

This was too much for me. I rose and was wishing to embrace my uncle, when I felt my head becoming dizzy and I fell. The fact is, I was incapable of bearing such an influx of happiness, and I fainted. In a little time, however, I recovered, and found my mother standing over me in tears, whilst my uncle held one of my hands in his.

For some days after this I knew not whether I was capable of thought or reflection. I felt like a man walking in a dream, but in a short time I awoke to

"A sober certainty of waking bliss,"

but my first step was to repair my wardrobe.

"Now," said my uncle, "this extraordinary turn of good fortune in your favour must immediately appear in the papers; after that you will find yourself cured of your black eye. You must, however, also do more than this. As a man of wealth and liberal income, you should live in a becoming style. I shall purchase you a carriage, and it will be also necessary for you to take a house in one of the squares. Don't imagine that I have been inattentive to you for some time past. Your tutor and I have had more correspondence about you than ever you dreamt of. He is a sterling-hearted and worthy man, and a true friend of yours. Of course your mother will live with you. God forgive me! I have neglected her and you too long. I have now," he added, "only one request to ask of you—live like a gentleman, but don't be extravagant." He then left me to my good fortune, with tears in his eyes, and indeed, I must add, not without tears in mine.

Oh world! world! thou tyrant to the poor—but thou base and slavish sycophant to the rich! How I do and did despise thee, both before and after my good fortune—but especially after it!

My uncle was right. No sooner was it known that I had become a wealthy man, the possessor of a splendid inheritance, than my black eye disappeared—it became altogether invisible—nobody could see it. I was now living in good style—kept my carriages—the world crowded upon me—invitations to fashionable dinner-parties strewed my tables. Yes, my uncle was right—the black eye was gone. That sharp-sighted world which had formerly stared at it with such a keen and insolent eye, now became as blind as a bat to it. There was in fact no such disgraceful stigma upon me. Was I not worth thirty thousand pounds, and three thousand a-year?

I now had two or three little experiments on society to make, and on some of those religious institutions of which it is composed. The reader may remember that I waited on a bishop, and offered myself as a convert to his church; but, on looking into my face, and perceiving the black eye, I need not here recapitulate the reception I got. On this occasion I waited upon him in my own carriage, and was received with the utmost politeness. I reminded him of my former call upon him, and mentioned the particulars of our interview, adding, what at that time, the cause of my rejection was.

"Oh, my child," said he, "I remember; but if you had a black eye *then*, you have none *now*."

"Yes," I replied; "but at that time I was a penitent, but I am none *now*. My face is the same to-day, which I presented to you on the former occasion. However, let that pass, my lord. I come to present you with a view of my face, and to ask you whether I have a black eye or not."

"My dear friend," he replied, "no such thing; there is not the slightest appearance of such a mark upon your countenance."

"Well, my lord," I replied, "here are fifty pounds to be distributed among your public charities."

"Many thanks; what name shall I return?"

"Simply, my lord, from 'The Man with the Black Eye.'"

"Well, my dear sir, many thanks. Many a blessing shall descend upon your head for this; but now upon a more important subject. I hope you have not given up your pious intention of entering our church. Look at the number of educated Englishmen and clergymen of distinction who have joined us."

This I felt to be the world at work again, and I became sick of it. I bade him a hasty good-bye, but still felt resolved to go a little farther in other directions. I next called upon my friend the Methodist preacher, to whom, as the reader knows, I had introduced myself in the days of my distress; or, in other words, when I carried the black eye.

The carriage stopped before the door, and I saw him peeping at me through the window. On my entering he bowed to me most obsequiously.

"Sir," I asked him, "have you ever seen me before?"

"Verily," he replied, "I cannot say—yet, now that I look at you again, I think I have."

"I came," I added, "in order to offer myself as a young man disposed to join your congregation, but you rejected me. I know my appearance was not in my favour—but it never occurred to you to think of the condition of my heart."

"Oh," said he, "I recollect you now, sir. Well, I am glad to see you here; because I trust it is a proof, as you said on that occasion, that you wish to travel Zionwards."

"Yes," I replied; "but is not my black eye an impediment?"

"Verily, I don't understand you," said he, looking me solemnly in the face. "Your eyes are hazel; but I trust, my dear sir, that grace will be given to you to join us, and to work out your salvation as becometh a man who wishes to have his crook in the lot."

"There," said I, "are fifty pounds towards your public charities."

The man bowed very low. "What name shall I associate," he asked, "with this splendid gift?"

"Say it comes," I replied, "from 'The Man with the Black Eye.'"

"Many thanks, sir," said he; "but why do you assume such an appellation as that? You have no blackeye."

"Promise to advertise it," I replied, "as I have directed you, or I shall withdraw the donation."

"Very well, sir, your wishes shall be complied with,

but in the meantime the colour of your eyes is a beautiful hazel. But before you go, think of Zion, and join us. We, sir, are the true Primitive Wesleyans, and have no connexion with the houses over the way."

I made short work of my departure, but handed him the money before I went, after which I entered my carriage, and said:

"This is more of life. Uncle, you are a philosopher, and besides, a great physician—you have cured me of my black eye. In the meantime, I must see my friends the Quakers."

What a fine thing a carriage is, when a man knows that it is his own, and feels that he can support it with independence? I went to my friend the Quaker, the same whom I have mentioned before, and found him at home. My servant, in rich livery, went to announce me simply as a gentleman who wished to see him.

"He is in his carriage," said he, "and wishes to know if he can see you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Broad Brim, "I shall be most happy to receive him."

I accordingly entered, and Broad Brim was plausible, civil, but what was more, very respectful, in accordance with the plainness of his principles.

"Friend," he asked, "pray what is thy business with such an humble person as I am?"

"Why," said I, "do you not recollect me? I had once an opportunity of seeing you, and of expressing a wish to join your society; but you rejected me in consequence, as you said, of my black eye."

"Ay," replied Jonathan, "but verily thou hast no black eye now, friend. Is that thy carriage at the door?"

"It is," I replied.

"Well," said he, "we shall be very happy to receive thee as a member of our peaceful community now. I think thou art the young man who, through the benevolence of thy wealthy uncle, got into a large fortune. Wilt thou eat thy dinner with me and a few friends to-morrow? I trust thou wilt reconsider thy original determination, and join our peaceful society."

"Here," I replied, "are fifty pounds for your public charities, but it must be acknowledged in the papers."

"Under what name, friend?"

"Under that of the 'Man with the Black Eye.'"

"Well, friend, it shall be done," replied the Quaker—"but I wish thou wouldst join us. Be assured thou wilt have no chance of getting a black eye in our society."

More of life, thought I—if the devil would come, who is black from head to heel, they would receive his subscriptions to their public charities. But after all, perhaps, we cannot blame them. The Man with the Black Eye—oh no—I am wrong—thanks to my uncle, the black eye is gone; but the Man with the Black Eye has, after all, proved himself a benefactor to them.

There is little more—scarcely any thing, to be added. Thirty thousand pounds, and three thousand a year, cured me of my black eye. Whether I retained it, or whether I did not, is a mystery which I shall not disclose to the reader. I refer him to life and the world; but all I can say is, and I have said it before, that after I became a man of wealth and property, the black eye, whether a dream or a reality, was gone.

## HUGH O'NEILL AND SEAGRAVE AT THE BATTLE OF CLONTIBRET.

[MITCHEL's admirable biography of Hugh, Earl of Tir-owen, has made most of our readers familiar with the battle of Clontibret, fought near Monaghan, May, 1595. Mr. Mitchell's vivid picture, however, of the fierce struggle between O'Neill and Seagrave, is mainly taken from the narrative of the same event given by O'Sullivan (Hist. Cath. Ibernice, p. 173), and indeed it is strange, that both O'Sullivan and Mitchell should have been ignorant of the lucky incident to which O'Neill was indebted, not only for his life, but also for the signal victory which crowned his arms on that memorable field. The research of a learned scholar who has devoted much time to the study of Irish history, in the State Paper Office, London (the fittest place for such a pursuit), has thrown additional light on the victory of Clontibret; and although the official despatch forwarded by Lane to Burghley (*and never before published*) deprives O'Neill of the glory of having conquered Seagrave single-handed, we are the less grieved on that account, as it enables us to do justice, however tardy, to the brave O'Cahan of Arachty. Let us observe also, that Sir Ralph Lane's despatch, which we print in the original orthography, is highly creditable to the Irish army, nay and to the impartiality of the Muster-master-general himself, for such was Lane's office in Ireland during many years of Elizabeth's reign. Hatton, who made O'Neill a present of the "jack,"\* died four years before the battle of Clontibret took place, and indeed it was fortunate for him; for had he lived till 1595, he assuredly must have lost that unequalled grace in dancing for which Elizabeth raised him to the chancellorship. Having premised that the ballad is from the pen of a lady, whose beautiful compositions must always command the respectful admiration of her compatriots at home and abroad, we will now leave the reader to spell his way through Lane's quaint phraseology:—

"9th June, 1595. Sr. Ralph Lane to Burghley. Capt. Thos. maria Wingfield, the Britannie captaines, all coulde approved souldiers, also the Sergt. maior & S. Edwd. York, Genl. commandor of the horse did affirme unto me that in noe place wheresoever they had served in all their lyves, they never sawe more redie or more pfect shottt then the Earles, for sharpnes of feight, contynuanee under orders soe maintained to be compared wth the prince of Parma his army as this was by Therle of Tirone from the first to the last. In thend of the daie Therle finding some of his troopes of horse to growe slacker then he liked, him selfe in person brought one certain troupe, himself in the heade of them, to charge the foot. Therles person being knowne in the beade of the former troupe Capten Russells cornett being about xltie horse & in the same gent. of that Cornett called Sedgrave chardged the great troupe of Therle & the gent. Therles person whom he knewe and their incounter was soe rude that they were unhorsed & he havinge the therle about the necke, finding him so stronglie armed with a jack, wch my Lo. Chancellor that deade is, Sr. Chrstr. Hatton had geven him, that he could not perce him nether wth his staffe nor swordes, but houlding him fast about the necke willed him to yeld himself prisoner to the Queen of England, whereunto he answered, "that yet he was not redie for it," & at the instant came in O'Cahans sonne & stroock of Sedgreaves arme, that he had about his neck & therle with his skeane stabbed him under his shirt of mayle, beneath the girdle-stede and soe he died, but this accident staid the chardge that the rest of the Rebels troupe meant to have geven. Now that Slygoe being taken by O'Donell there ys no stoppe for them to seyse all to the gates of Athlone."]

## I.

LESSONS worth our earnest heeding hath our storied Eiré's lore ;  
Low to-day she lieth bleeding from the wounds that bled of yore ;  
English force and fraud alternate, Irish treason, stain the page,  
Half redeemed by Irish valour ; so 'twas in the Tudor's age,  
When the crafty Queen dissembling, long had sought to win by guile  
To her rule the still-unconquered, faithful, ancient, holy isle.  
With snake-like art, all stealthy silent, nigh she deemed the prey her own,  
But a spirit full as subtle met her in the breast of Hugh Tir-owen !

## II.

Aye ! O'Neill had grown to manhood, nurtured in her stately court,  
Till he seemed a very Saxon in his calm, restrained port ;—  
The iron Will within right well his fiery Celtic spirit schooled,  
When he thought upon the purpose which his inmost nature ruled.  
Why was England famous, potent—Eiré nameless, broken, blind ?  
Here the secret of the contrast patient study sure could find !  
So he smoothed his brow to hear the wily plots that Cecil taught,  
Bending lowly, smiling gravely, as he gained the lore he sought.

## III.

Home at length with courteous phrases, regal gifts and promise fair  
Bound to her, she deemed, for ever, sent the Queen Tir-Owen's heir ;  
Ha ! she little knew how fiercely leaped he towards his boyhood's goal—  
Little dreamed how stern the passion which had stayed that eager soul,

\* From the Italian "*giaco*," a shirt of mail.

† Musketeers.



Till he matched her bravest captains, skilled in every martial feat,  
Overmatched her deepest thinkers, trained to arts of state deceit.  
"Would such baseness were not needed!" sighed the generous chief—in vain;  
With their own arms he must meet them, flashing brand or plotting brain.

## IV.

So through master-skill deep working, year by year his name had grown  
Erin's hope and England's terror; then the mask aside was thrown;  
When his friends were firmly banded—when King Philip's aid was won,  
From Dungannon's castled stronghold flashed the Red Hand in the sun!  
England's forces, long preparing to assail Tir-Owen's swar,  
Startled by his sudden daring, northward quickly bent their way.  
Gallant Norris was their leader—generous foeman, soldier true;  
Would such foes, so brave and loyal, were the worst our country knew!

## V.

Green and bright the land lay smiling in the early summer's pride,  
Seemed as Eire's self were calling all her children to her side;  
From sward and forest waving her emerald banner fair;—  
How well that call was answered, let proud England's rage declare.  
Like a flame the war was spreading; Monaghan was won and lost,  
Ere the frontier of Tir-Owen by the English host was crossed;  
Then O'Neill right promptly met them, choosing well his battle-ground  
On fair Clontibret's lawny plain, with all his gallant soldiers round.

## VI.

Proud he stood and gazed upon them with a chieftain's kindling eye—  
Here his well-trained, hardy marksmen—there his fiery cavalry.  
Well he might! no prince in Europe better troops than his could claim;  
For to perfect them had long in secret been his cherished aim.  
And the foeman gravely noted all their fairly ordered lines,  
Square and squadron, burnished matchlocks, gleaming where the sunlight shines;  
Praised them, too, with soldier frankness, veterans bearing honoured scars,  
And the grey old Breton captains, bronzed in French and Spanish wars.

## VII.

A war-note—and impetuously rush on that grand array:  
Fierce is the meeting of the hosts, and close the stern affray:  
Twice are the English driven back, their leaders hurt or slain,  
And yet the Irish vantage seems not a certain gain.  
One fiery charge would clear the ground, but worn and spent the men:  
Still, with O'Neill himself to lead, they'll freely charge again:  
So, dashing forward, waves he on some squadrons of his horse,  
And with a wild "Lamh dearg abu!" sweeps towards the hostile force.

## VIII.

Pale grow the English leaders at that thrilling, eager cry,  
That tells how loved the Irish Chief, his soldiers' hearts how high.  
"The day is lost—no troops of ours can meet that battle-storm!"  
Norris draws up his chosen men, some seeming front to form;  
Yet doubtfully he pauses, till rides forth a champion tall—  
Sedgrave, the stoutest heart and limb among his captains all;

"The Red Hand to victory"—the war-cry of the O'Neills.

With massive mould and giant strength, he comes a boon to crave—  
In single fray the Earl to slay, and England's honour save.

## IX.

Right gladly Norris bids him go : then pricks he on amain,  
And singles out Tir-Owen as he sweeps across the plain.  
Hushed is the din of battle, and the armies hold their breath,  
With throbbing hearts and straining eyes to watch that strife of death !  
O'Neill smiles proudly, warrior cool, and lays his spear in rest :  
Like rocks they meet—their glittering lances shiver on each mailèd breast.  
Again in fiercer passion dashing 'gainst O'Neill his mighty strength,  
With sinewy arms the champion strains, and wrests him from his seat at length.

## X.

Now in deadly grapple joining, brutal force and courage high,  
Like the nations twain incarnate met at last their power to try :  
Vainly Sedgrave's eager poniard seeks Tir-Owen's mail to pierce—  
To unclasp that grasp of iron vain Tir-Owen's struggles fierce ;  
Round his throat the strong arm twining, till he feels his breathing fail,  
But the stronger heart undaunted in his bosom cannot quail.  
"Yield thee to the Queen of England, traitor ! else thy life is gone !"  
"Nay ! so low I have not fallen, with my latest breath undrawn !"

## XI.

'Twas a fateful joust ! with England's power upon her champion's steel,  
And the life of Eiré hanging on the life of Hugh O'Neill !  
An instant more and all were o'er ! but O'Cahan's princely heir  
Breaks the mortal trance of horror, roused by love and fierce despair :  
Wrathful, pallid, sternly silent, springs he to his chieftain's aid—  
Swift as light the swinging circle of his keen war-axe's blade  
Smites in twain the crushing arm that held Tir-Owen straitly prest :  
Ah, young hero ! well that noble stroke befits thy race's crest.\*

## XII.

Strange and awful are the faces of the sudden-parted men,  
Grimly dark, with vengeful passion—lions fighting in their den ;  
The earnest heat of mortal contest, fiercely stamped on either brow,  
As, a moment's breathing, silent gaze they on each other now.  
Thought is none of fear or mercy ; Sedgrave, baffled, sets his teeth,  
Steeled to meet his fate unblenching—and his "girlle-stede" beneath ;  
One sure stroke—no second needed—of Tir-Owen's trusty skian,  
Hurls to death the giant champion, stark the rival hosts between !

## XIII.

A cry—a long, wild shout of triumph ringing from the Irish ranks,  
While the young O'Cahan glowing hears O'Neill's brief, earnest thanks :  
A tempest rush—the English broken, flying through yon hilly gorge—  
And proud the Red Hand waving o'er the banner of St. George !  
And prouder triumphs after, till our race from sea to sea  
Were *all but* one in heart, and *therefore* mother Eiré *all but* free.  
Such was Clontibret's gallant fight, and such Tir-Owen's sway—  
Oh for a leader wise as he, and one such glorious day !

CELTICA.

\* The crest of the O'Cahans is a mailed arm.



## MRS. ANNA JAMESON.

WHEN Lady Morgan and Lady Blessington—the dashing Wild Irish Girl and the much-belauded Queen of Beauty—quitted the circle of literary society in “shuffling off this mortal coil,” the general impression seemed to be, that English literature was left, by the event, without admixture of the Irish element, at least so far as our fair countrywomen were capable of infusing it. It does not appear to be generally known that we can lay claim to two of the most deservedly popular female writers of the day: namely, Miss Julia Kavanagh, author of “The Two Sicilies;” and Miss Muloch, author of “John Halifax, Gentleman”—the one a genuine Tipperary woman, and the other from some place “down in the north;” whilst not many, perhaps, even of our best-informed readers, are aware that Mrs. Jameson, whose death on last Patrick’s Day was announced in such terms of regret in English journals and reviews, was of our own kith and kin—Irish without any mistake. Not meaning to cast a slur on departed celebrities, or in the remotest degree discredit living genius, we yet must confess that if all the talents, accomplishments, and amiable qualities of the first-mentioned four ladies, were rolled into a single individual, the product would not be worth, in our esteem, that one “perfect woman, nobly planned,”—Mrs. Anna Jameson.

“The Irishmen, God bless my countrymen!” she once said, “for in all goodness, all mischief, all frolic, all danger, they are sure to be the first;” and God bless Mrs. Jameson! we say now in return; for we are only too proud to have an opportunity of “taking a shine” out of such a woman, and numbering her with our kindred, before our neighbours on the other side, or literati of foreign nations who knew her well, have writ her down in the already long list of British worthies.

Once for all, then, this estimable and gifted lady was born about the year 1794, in College green, Dublin, and her father’s name was Murphy. That were surely proof enough in itself, even if we had not in addition the assurance from her matter-of-fact English friends, that they loved and valued her, and could not help it, for her unmistakeable Irish nature, her genial, kindly disposition, her eloquent expression, her rich imagination, racy of the soil. “Her vivid temperament and warm feelings told of Ireland to the last; they made her the light of the social circle, and prompted the unsparing sympathy which she bestowed on all around her.” So testifieth one who knew her intimately. Rare indeed it is to meet so many gifts and graces in combination; rarer still to find an influence such as Mrs. Jameson possessed in the high walks of literature, as well as in the broader highway of social life, turned to so good account. Talent and character, in this case, were equal powers; or rather, brilliant intellectual endowments were but a superadded grace, giving a wider scope to the exercise of qualities yet more solid in the moral order. It was the presence felt throughout every page of Mrs. Jameson’s writings of a thoroughly truthful,

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refined, and widely sympathetic nature, which made so many, who had not known her personally, grieve for her loss as they could not have done for a stranger; for how, indeed, could she be called a stranger, whose best thoughts so many shared, and whose help and guidance in various paths was so frankly sought, and so trustingly accepted? Death, in the wake of some sixty-five years of earnest conscientious toil, can hardly be said to come prematurely; yet there is but one opinion, that Mrs. Jameson is a great loss, and that it would be difficult indeed to find any one worthily to occupy the place she so long filled with dignity and honour.

Into details of Mrs. Jameson’s private life it is not necessary here, or elsewhere, to enter. Hers was not an eventful life, in the ordinary sense of the term; though full enough of varied conditions affording opportunity of culture; rich beyond the common lot in worthy friendships; and fortunate in the enjoyment of constant association with the gifted and enlightened of every land. Intercourse with Goethe and Schlegel, Tieck and Sternberg, imbued her with love, at times exaggerated, of German literature. Schwanthaler and Cornelius, Kaulback and Rauch, Dannecker and Retzsch, quickened her enthusiasm for art.

Thalberg and Mendelssohn, pouring out thought and fancy in words, as well as in that other eloquence, the concord of sweet sounds, helped to give a keener perception to a nature at times almost painfully sensitive to the power of music.

Intimacy with members of the Kemble family, from “The Muse of Tragedy” herself, to the last inheritors of the genius of the race, the sisters Adelaide and Fanny, tended, in no small degree, to perfect that wonderful knowledge of Shakspeare, and that subtlety of observation which are so conspicuous in the “Characteristics of Women.” To Mr. Murphy, himself an artist of some reputation, and painter in ordinary to the Princess Charlotte, his daughter must have been indebted for the first lessons in Art lore; indeed, her extraordinary appreciation of genius, as manifested in works of painting and sculpture, seems to have been not so much acquired, as exercised by instinct, and as possessed by birthright. She had learned to use the pencil and the etching-needle with freedom and success, long before her pen had served the cause of Art so signally, in revolutionizing the tone of Art literature, setting aside the cold formality of connoisseurship, and establishing new, and true, and thoroughly catholic canons of criticism.

In early life Mrs. Jameson appears to have been occupied in education, and to have been engaged as governess in families of distinction. Necessity, not choice, we may infer, led to this step. The precise date of her marriage, we cannot at this moment recollect; but it must have taken place previous to 1826, in which year her first work, the “Diary of an Ennuyée,” appeared, being published, it is understood, “to afford immediate aid to Mr. Jameson in some difficulty of the moment.” This gentleman was a barrister by profession, subsequently appointed, through his

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wife's interest, speaker of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, and later, Attorney-general of the colony. The marriage was an unfortunate one, ending, not long after, in separation. The crushing effect of pain and disappointment like this, at the outset of life, can be guessed only too well by those who knew Mrs. Jameson. But in justice, we must observe that private griefs were never intruded by her upon the public, either in the shape of Byronic outbursts, or sepiatinting of life and character. Possibly, sad experience in this case produced effects not often traceable to such causes; and a gentler tone in dealing with the sufferings of others, a larger interest in social questions, wiser judgment, and keener sympathy with the weak ill-treated, and the good misconstrued, may have been the consequence of pain and sorrow early felt and heroically borne. A dash of the "bitter waters," we all know, muddles the shallow stream, but leaves no vicious "deposit in the strong, free-flowing course of the upright mind; and we are told that "all things turn to good" for those who work for noble ends, and in the true spirit view their responsibilities, and use their influence.

The "Diary of an Ennuyée" became quite a popular book, and much curiosity was excited regarding the anonymous writer. It is told that Mr. Murphy, at that time paying a professional visit to the city of Norwich, somewhat amusingly cut short a rather free discussion of the merits and demerits of the new book, by acknowledging his acquaintance with the author, in the curt phrase—"She is my daughter!" The "Diary," now an old-fashioned denizen of the lending libraries, is a lively, dashing record of a first visit to the continental world, as it lived and moved some thirty or forty years ago, interspersed with pleasant bits of description, snatches of literary and artistic criticism, and indications, not a few, of the author's taste for the fine arts. Readers, however, made the mistake of confounding the real writer with the purely imaginary character who figures in the pages, affecting the airs of a love-sick, world-weary girl, and dying off at the end of the last chapter, in a sudden, and it is to be feared, unprovided manner. The misapprehension which the assumed disguise had caused, worried the writer not a little; and she was careful, on more than one occasion, to repeat that she was never in her life *ennuyée to death* except in fiction.

Necessity, as we have said, was the motive of Mrs. Jameson's first appearance in print; the same spur, we infer, continued to be felt throughout a long course of literary labour. The volumes published at intervals during the next twenty years are, "The Loves of the Poets," containing some of the most charming biographical sketches ever written; "The Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns;" the "Beauties of the Court of Charles II.," written in illustration of Sir Peter Lely's long rows of pictured fair and frail ones, so familiar to frequenters of the Hampton Court galleries; "Characteristics of Women," a series of elaborate studies of the heroines of Shakespeare's plays, forming a work which has now its place secured on the book-shelves of every thoughtful

student of the great bard, beside the critical dissertation of Hazlitt and Schlegel, and the pictured illustrations of Retzsch; lastly, "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad," two volumes much occupied with German art, ancient and modern, and "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada." The last-named work in three volumes, is partly taken up with criticism and annotation on productions of German genius very little known in England in those days, but which it must have been very agreeable to make acquaintance with, thus introduced and recommended; and partly with a charming account of the writer's canoe voyage up the lakes, her courageous descent of the Sault St. Marie, and her actual residence among a tribe of red Indians; with other adventures of a kind hitherto unattempted by fair writers of either prose or rhyme. Most artistically dashed off are the pen and ink sketches of nights on the Huron, days on Ontario, visits to such strange characters as Colonel Talbot, living like an old Irish King in the seclusion of his vast territory, and to just as strange "ministers of the Gospel," mated with many-syllabled Indian women. Our author, paddled along in her tiny craft among the islands, surrounded by her strange guides and protectors, must have been a sight to disturb the equanimity of the most impassive and reddest of wild men; but her usual good fortune attended her, for the Indians were quite delighted, received her always with smiling good humour, invited her to their *talks* and grand councils, and gave her a remarkably unpronounceable long name, invented for the occasion, and alluding most poetically to her fair complexion and her travelling propensities. In return the wanderer expressed much sympathy with the remnant of the race; found the men courteous and dignified, and thought the women not so badly off as many of the white slaves of civilized countries. One thing, however, she could not get over, namely, a disposition to shudder at the sight of a scalp of fair hair hanging from the girdle of any of these native gentlemen!

Taken up as they issued, in our younger days, one by one from the press, the volumes enumerated above were among the most welcome books of the season; taken down as they now are from the dim recesses of our upper shelves, "the old names bring back the old thought;" but it must be allowed that the interest of many of the subjects has died out, much that was then new having become by this time a well-thumbed lesson. Not so, however, with the Art-literature, of which we have now to say a word or two.

Scattered through nearly all Mrs. Jameson's books are indications of her wonderful faculty of appreciation, with regard to works of Art, and her disposition to go to the very heart of the matter in every case in which the subject comes under her notice; so that long before her pen was busy with writings exclusively devoted to Art, her taste, knowledge, and judgment were fully apparent. She is in no instance satisfied with second-hand opinions, chilled by cant of criticism, or imposed on by airs of learned assumption. A genuine work of art must be studied *au fond*; we must try to find out

not what it cost, or what the marketable value of such and such a master may be; not merely what name it goes by. To understand it truly we must know what manner of man he was who painted that picture, or cut out that group; what *motive* prompted him to the work; what the idea was in his mind which he strove to make visible on that once bare canvass, or to embody through the agency of a shapeless mass of wet clay. It is essential to comprehend clearly the subject of the representation, the *fact* in itself, as well as the way in which it affected the imagination of the artist, or was interpreted by his own mind. Religious art, of all others, requires this insight most; the greatest number of pictures, and by far the most charming and the most celebrated, especially of the golden age of art, being of that class. Visitors to picture galleries are continually at fault, and often come away more puzzled than edified or delighted; simply because the key is wanting which alone could explain the meaning and expound the mystery. They are continually asking, or longing to ask, a variety of questions which it is not easy to answer. Why is St. Dorothy rose-crowned? and that young Sebastian arrow-pierced? Why is the giant St. Christopher always crossing the stream with the Divine Child on his shoulders, and his lantern never failing, even though it be broad daylight? Why does St. Ursula carry a standard—the red-cross banner, “like a meteor streaming to the wind?” Why, in the name of common-sense, have we in one picture, gathered together from every corner of Christendom, and even from outlying regions, such personages as St. John of the Wilderness and St. Francis of Assisi, young Tobias and St. Mary Magdalen? Again, it is most important to consider what progress Art had made up to the period at which the picture was painted; what materials, in fact, lay at the hand of the master. Thus the crudest production of early Christian art, the stiffest Byzantine “*Dei para*,” may be full of interest to the “seeing eye” and the “understanding heart;” nay, may be even most touching, as proving the earnestness and devotion of the poor artist, who, with knowledge so scant, and tools so ungainly, left, if not the transcript of his *beau idéal*, at least a record of his honest striving after excellence. Then, the “spirit of the age” must not be forgotten; the opinions that ruled the hour—the aspirations, hopes, endeavours, which spiritualised it. For works of genius either reflect that spirit in all its intensity, or attest the master’s passionate dissent in his straining after something higher. The very scenery of the place in which the artist worked, and the kind of social life which surrounded him, are worthy of deep consideration. Michael Angelo, in another generation, would have wielded the sword with as great effect as he used the chisel. Fra Bartolomeo would have painted different pictures, if, instead of leading a life of cloistral sanctity, his existence had been passed amid the senatorial splendours of the City of the Sea. What if Raphael had found his home amidst the flats of Holland, and his models among the boors of the village ale-house?

Sought to be understood thus in its spirit and its bearings, Art becomes one of the most fascinating of studies; opening up a wide field for research—calling into exercise the highest intellectual faculties—and leading to the contemplation of the noblest and the holiest thoughts which ever entered into the mind of man. Such, or something like such, being Mrs. Jameson’s views, and having glowing words at command—a style scarcely less pictorial at times than the works of Art she describes—it is no wonder that her theory, when stated, found ready acceptance, and that at once a very high rank as Art-critic was assigned her. Compared with her compilations, Passavant is dull, Kugler an encumbrance, and Waagen unmistakably a bore. Her books, whether read in the closet, or referred to in the gallery, have, in a measure, the same effect which her companionship had on some favoured friend. And what that was, a writer in the “English-woman’s Journal” has well described:—

“She used to say that a picture to her was like a plain writing. When she looked at it, she seemed to feel instantly for what purpose it had been painted. She loved to fancy the old artist painting it in his studio; and the man who brought it to offer it as a votive offering, for the health of some one he loved, or in commemoration of some one who was dead. If saints or fathers were introduced into the composition, she knew each by his aspect, and why he was in attendance, and could tell the story of their lives, and what they had done for the church. The strange mystic symbolism of the early mosaics was a familiar language to her. She would stand on the polished marble of the Lateran floor, or under the gorgeously sombre Basilica of Sta. Maria Maggiore, reading off the quaint emblems, and expounding the pious thoughts of more than a thousand years ago. At Rome there is a little church, close under the blood-stained amphitheatre of the Coliseum, dedicated to St. Clement, the companion of St. Paul. Tradition says he lived there; at any rate the present building is of the date A.D. 800, and built on the foundation of one much older. In this church she delighted, and to it she would take any one who sympathised with her peculiar feeling for art. Her talk, as she described it, was a running commentary on the books she published on kindred subjects. . . . To see her kindle into enthusiasm amidst the gorgeous natural beauty, the antique memorials, and the sacred Christian relics of Italy, was a sight which one who witnessed it will never forget. There is not a cypress upon the Roman hills, or a sunny vine overhanging the southern gardens, or a picture in those vast sombre galleries of foreign palaces, or a catacomb spread out, vast and dark, under the martyr-churches of the City of the Seven Hills, which is not associated with some vivid flash of her intellect and imagination.”

The “Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters” first appeared in 1845 (a new edition, thoroughly revised by the author, was published last year). About the same time was brought out the “Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art in and near London;” and another “Handbook” to the Private Galleries. In “A Common-place Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies,” bearing a much later date, we find chapters dedicated to Art; and in some of the first-class periodicals of the day, we discern in papers on Art, traces of the same accomplished pen. But it is in the great series entitled “Sacred and Legendary Art,” that Mrs. Jameson found full scope for her taste and genius; and

it is on these volumes that her fame will be found especially to rest. Three large volumes have come out at intervals since 1848, profusely illustrated with woodcuts and etchings, the writer's own, for the most part. The first volume contains Legends of the saints and angels, as represented in the Fine Arts, and includes a narrative of facts and traditions in connection with the apostles and evangelists, the patron saints of Christendom, the Greek and Latin fathers, virgins, martyrs, hermits, and warrior-saints. The following eloquent passage from the introductory portion of this volume, will give our readers a glimpse of the true philosophy of Art :—

"In the old times the painters of these legendary scenes and subjects could always reckon securely on certain associations and certain sympathies in the minds of the spectators. We have outgrown these associations, we repudiate these sympathies. We have taken these works from their consecrated localities, in which they once held each their dedicated place, and we have hung them in our drawing-rooms, and our dressing-rooms, over our pianos, and our side-boards—and now what do they say to us? That Magdalen, weeping amid her hair, who once spoke comfort to the soul of the fallen sinner,—that Sebastian, arrow-pierced, whose upward ardent glance spoke of courage and hope to the tyrant-ridden serf,—that poor tortured slave, to whose aid St. Mark comes sweeping down from above,—can they speak to us of nothing save flowing lines, and correct drawing, and gorgeous colour? Must we be told that one is a Titian, the other a Guido, the third a Tintoret, before we dare to melt in compassion or admiration?—or the moment we refer to their ancient religious signification and influence, must it be with disdain or with pity? This, as it appears to me, is to take not a rational, but rather a most irrational as well as a most irreverent view of the question; it is to confine the pleasure and improvement to be derived from works of art within very narrow bounds; it is to seal up a fountain of the richest poetry, to shut out a thousand ennobling and inspiring thoughts. Happily there is a growing appreciation of these larger principles of criticism as applied to the study of Art. People look at the pictures which hang round their walls, and have an awakening suspicion that there is more in them than meets the eye—more than mere connoisseurship can interpret; and that they have another, a deeper, significance than has been deemed of by picture dealers and picture collectors, or even by picture critics."

The second volume of the series of "Sacred and Legendary Art" is devoted to the monastic orders, their founders and patrons, and the royal saints from time to time connected with them. It is quite as interesting as the foregoing division of the subject, besides being more strictly historical. The third part, equally voluminous, and quite as delightful reading, is altogether taken up with the Madonna, as represented according to her different characters and titles by the whole rank and file of the grand old masters. How the beauty and holiness of the subject aroused the enthusiasm of the writer, is plainly perceptible in the following, as well as in many another page of the book :—

"The Virgin in her natural character opens upon us so wide a field of illustration, that I scarce know where to begin, or how to find my way, amid the crowd of associations which press upon me. A mother holding her child in her arms is no very complex subject; but like a very simple air constructed on a few expressive notes, which, when harmonised, is susceptible of a thousand modulations, and variations and

accompaniments, while the original *motif* never loses its power to speak to the heart; so it is with the Madonna and Child;—a subject so consecrated by its antiquity, so hallowed by its profound significance, so endeared by its associations with the softest and deepest of our human sympathies, that the mind has never wearied of its repetition, nor the eye become satiated with its beauty. Those who refuse to give it the honour due to a religious representation, yet regard it with a half-unwilling homage; and when the glorified type of what is purest, loftiest, holiest in womanhood, stands before us, arrayed in all the majesty and beauty that accomplished Art, inspired by faith and love, could lend her, and bearing her divine son, rather enthroned than sustained on her maternal bosom, "we look, and the heart is in heaven!" and it is difficult, very difficult, to refrain from an "*Ora pro nobis.*"

Among the world-famous pictures of the Madonna and Child, there is scarcely one better known by copies and engravings than the glory of the Dresden Gallery: Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto." One feels naturally anxious to know what Mrs. Jameson has to say about this *chef-d'amore*. It proves to be her ideal realised. Thus she speaks :—

"Of course we each form to ourselves some notion of what we require, and these requirements will be as divers as our natures and our habits of thought. For myself I have seen my own ideal once, and only once attained: *there* where Raphael—inspired if ever painter was inspired—projected on the space before him that wonderful creation which we style the *Madonna di San Sisto*, for there she stands—the transfigured woman at once completely human and completely divine, an abstraction of power, purity and love, poised on the empurpled air, and requiring no other support, looking out with her melancholy loving mouth, her slightly dilated, sibylline eyes, quite through the universe, to the end and consummation of all things—sad, as if she beheld afar off the visionary sword which was to reach her heart though *Him*, now resting as enthroned in that heart, yet already exalted through the homage of the redeemed generations who were to salute her as Blessed. Six times have I visited the city, made glorious by the possession of this treasure, and as often, when again at a distance, with recollections disturbed by feeble copies and prints, I have begun to think, "Is it so indeed? is she indeed so divine? or does not the imagination encircle her with a halo of religion and poetry, and lend a grace which is not really there?" and as often when returned, I have stood before it and confessed that there is more in that form and face than I ever yet conceived. I cannot here talk the language of critics, and speak of this picture merely as a picture, for to me it was a revelation. In the same gallery is the lovely Madonna of the Myer Family, inexpressibly touching and perfect in its way, but conveying only one of the attributes of Mary,—her benign pity,—while the Madonna di San Sisto is an abstract of *all*."

During the last years of her life, Mrs. Jameson was busily engaged in the preparation of the concluding volume of the "Sacred and Legendary Art" already announced by Messrs. Longman, as, the "History of Our Lord and of his Precursor, St. John the Baptist, with the Personages and Typical Subjects of the Old Testament, as represented in Christian Art." This elaborate work cost the author an amount of labour such as could scarcely be expected from her years, and necessitated two special journeys to Italy. It is believed to have been left ready for press, wanting only the last finishing touches of the hand that can now work no longer. Death, it may be said, surprised



her in the midst of her work ; for it was while occupied in the examination of some engravings in the library of the British Museum that the chill seized her which terminated so fatally a few days later. Referring to Mrs. Jameson's position during the closing years, a journalist of the day makes these observations:—"Few of the public knew under what circumstances Mrs. Jameson's works were produced—at what cost of ill-remunerated but most conscientious labour—and on what holy and sacrificing purposes the proceeds of that labour were employed. For many years Mrs. Jameson was the almost sole support of her mother and sisters, and of a sister's child besides. No one ever bore a heavier load of self-imposed obligations, or carried that load more uncomplainingly. She moved it as if she never felt it. But it was very heavy for all that, and it broke her down at last. Her almost incessant labour during the latter years of her life, was lightened by an annuity of £100 (in addition to a pension of the same amount), which annuity she owed to the determined kindness of her friend, Mrs. Proctor (wife of the sweetest of singers and kindest of men, better known to the world by his *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall), who raised the sum required for the purchase of this annuity by her own unaided efforts from among Mrs. Jameson's friends, and presented it to the unsuspecting and astonished donee as a birth-day gift."

There is yet another phase of Mrs. Jameson's influence as a writer and as a woman, which, with extreme reluctance, we are obliged to decline considering at length on this occasion. Let our readers, however, get the last edition of "Sisters of Charity at Home and Abroad, and the Communion of Labour, with Introductory Letter to Lord John Russell" (it is in one small volume, price two shillings, and is almost the only one of the author's works which does not bear a high price); and when they have read, they will understand how true is our assertion, that there is not another woman in the three kingdoms who would have had courage enough to address her co-religionists as she did; not another like her, whose character stood so high that every word she uttered on the vexed questions of social science, was listened to with deep attention, almost with a kind of chivalrous reverence by grave men, with whom the study and the practice of philanthropy is the business of life. Those who were present at the meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held at Bradford last October, describe the touching respect with which any brief observations of Mrs. Jameson's were received.

As for her personal influence over the thoughtful and the good of her own sex, much, perhaps, will not be written or spoken on the subject; but it has been deeply felt for all that, and a careful eye will be able, we doubt not, to trace it through more than one generation. The honourable position held by those whom we may call the *working gentlewomen* of England, is mainly due to the leadership, and the practical, womanly wisdom of Mrs. Jameson.

Good deeds accumulated, and noble thoughts throng-

ing the mind, and throbbing for utterance, thus long kept the vital energies in activity, cheated old age of its languor and its dulness, and "beat the twilight into flakes of fire." May we not trustingly hope that to her death is but the covered way—

"Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!"

As we write, the thought comes back of the cordial greeting we ourselves received, scarcely one short twelve-months since, from this most estimable lady. We recall, with a strange feeling, the few words she spoke about her beloved Art, in reference to Madame Bodichou's exquisite sketches in Algeria, which hung round the room; the evident pleasure with which she mentioned her intention of visiting some friends in Ireland "next year;" the interest with which she inquired about the poor girls in Irish workhouses, whose lamentable condition she was well acquainted with; and the word of encouragement and advice she sent to those who are striving to help that abandoned class. The memory of that brief interview, the memory of a far earlier period, when her writings were like a portion of our daily bread, will, however, not be lost; though we shall never see her kindly face again, until the learned and the unlearned, the known and the unknown, meet once more "in the morning of the resurrection."

R.

## THE O'BYRNES OF WICKLOW.

BY E. P. MAC CARTHY, ESQ.

PART FIRST.

"Feagh M'Hugh of the mountain—  
Feagh M'Hugh of the glen—  
Who has not heard of the Glenmalur Chief,  
And the feats of his hard-riding men?"

T. D. M'GEE.

It makes the heart sick to track the steps and count the deeds which have been perpetrated under the mockery of government in Ireland; and more volumes than is now intended to be constructed into pages, would be needed for the recital of all the items of blood and fraud left upon record by the chief actors themselves. Under their own hands, they tell us nothing was omitted, nothing was forgotten, to further the one absorbing scheme of rapine and denationalization. Sullen submission, determined resistance, were alike availed of to inaugurate wholesale brigandage, treachery, and atrocity; and the distracted chieftains only beheld those wearing the harness of tinsel sovereignty, as the agents of oppression and tyranny. Sometimes in his submission, the native saw himself used as a mere machine in the accomplishment of the general ruin, and of his own moral and social degradation; he saw himself despised, and his prejudices, however hallowed by time or sanctity, insulted and persecuted. Upon one side was home, Faith, and country, and all of those institutions so inseparably bound up with his existence; upon the other was the ruthless, daring invader, and

the unprincipled adventurer of desperate fortunes, without one solitary link of sympathy between them.

In spasmodic resistance, and in foreign aid, fitful visions of liberty arose to quicken the apathy of the victim, though he felt his chains still clanking upon him. With the intruder the thought of conquest, profit, and dominion, was never relaxed, or mixed with one ennobling or conciliatory element. Hence individual conduct and governmental policy, both in unison, engendered disgust and dislike, which throve and strengthened into undying hatred. That this lamentable result is not lightly drawn from vague and misshapen readings of the past, let the defection of country now passing before us bear testimony. Is it from good or paternal government that a nation is extinguishing itself to reunite in America, perhaps some day, on the disruption of peace, to appear in banded hostility to England, and wipe out in blood the memory of their extinction, and of ages of misrule? Is every sense of future danger, every sentiment of beneficent power to be forgotten in the gratification of a rapacity, alike heedless of the rights of property as of humanity?

Ah! had there been even one experiment at retrieving the long-standing blunder of imperial rule—one amending care for the melancholy past—one hope for the clouded future instead of obstinate infatuation, a nation might still have been held in its integrity, and brought to forget its wrongs, and not be scattered to the world, bearing with it hatred universal and eternal teaching its posterity, that not a wound ever bled in the dear old land—not a memory of fear or evil ever haunted her, wherewith British misrule is not accountable. In the land of their adoption that posterity will learn too, that if England had been susceptible of tuition, America would not have been lost to her—that, had right principles operated, subjects would not have been forced into revolt, and to mature it in the dedication of a new nation to liberty, to become a sanctuary for the down-trodden of Europe. The best criterion of every system of policy is its results. Men do not revolt against kindness and justice, neither do nations conspire causelessly to sacrifice country. Have, then, the quickly-disappearing people been protected by equal laws and impartial justice? Has even now one ameliorative measure been tendered to give a social and political status, and to render desertion of country a folly or a crime? Surely it cannot be that a government is calumniated, and the exodus of a nation is but a wilful and ungrateful manifestation of base requital?

The saddening circumstances of the time will fully justify the present reference. It is not foreign to the matter in hand. The sycophants and hirelings of power may deprecate how they please, but they cannot muzzle the tongue of history—they cannot hinder our reading with discerning eyes, nor blind our perceptions. They, with their patrons, can now chuckle over desolation. The farce of power has been a success, and so has been its tragedy!

"Every family is a history in itself," conveys a truth peculiarly applicable to Ireland. But the story of one

name would serve the memoir of each; incidents may vary, but the general historic features would be strikingly identical. As illustrative of the state policy of a period so remarkable in Irish history as the reign of Elizabeth, one name is selected. The narrative is drawn from sources hitherto unsought and unused, but possessing the rare advantage of being compiled by the contemporaries of the chieftain, whose adventurous career they were at such pains to describe. They saw him, knew him, and too often, for their comfort, felt the reality of his existence in his implacable enmity.

Outside the partial and prejudiced pages miscalled history, the name of Feagh MacHugh is only known as chief of the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, the leader of avenging forays into the English pale, the terror of the colonist, and the rebellious defier of Elizabeth and her deputies. Let us, then, unroll the annals of the past, and attend their lessons; and one by one conjure up the names and memories which, under their own hands, alike chronicled the unscrupulous daring of their characters, and the biography of Feagh MacHugh to his inglorious fall. A narrative compiled out of materials so instructive, and so providentially preserved, must possess no ordinary interest. After the lapse of three centuries it enables us to set distinctly in relief the deeds of a time of which history has but generalized, from prejudice or for lack of means, omitting to descend into details which would depict men and events as they were, and not so widely distinct from the originals, in the meagre outlines transmitted to us. Time, though sometimes tardy, is a certain detector of falsehood, and it may yield no light satisfaction to a people, wherever they may be, who so long writhed under the oppression of armed occupation—who were reviled, buffeted, and crushed into degradation—and who were then taunted and reproached for the state they were reduced to, to find now their vindication confirmed in the confessions of the successive marauders, whose only principle of government was fear, whose only stimulant was plunder, and whose sole titles were the patents of all robbers.

Though we may well believe that Feagh MacHugh did not fold his arms in listless apathy, during the time of Hugh MacShane, his predecessor in the chieftainship, he does not appear to have attracted much attention from the government (for the State Papers are silent about him) until 1571, when the privy council were appraised by Fitzwilliam, that his stormy career was inaugurated, for "the sonne of the wily Hugh MacShane is joined with Rory Oge and the Cavenaughes, and they have done £1000 damages upon the borders." For that year, this is the only notice of him, yet it is not so likely, that

"O'Byrne, O'Moore, and O'Cavanagh,  
The three who would thrash the Sassenagh,"

could content themselves with such a bagatelle of a razzia, for the deputies continually cushioned events, as their credit with the state, and the policy of the moment suited. That they invariably garbled and smoothened

defeats, is incontestible, and indeed for very obvious motives. The next year the same vigilant consul, writing to Elizabeth (who, to all the base passions of her father, added some peculiarly her own), tells of "the burning of sixteen townes in *Cosher*\* and Shillelagh, with dyvers killed in Imaile, and two of Feaghes foster brothers, and two sisters killed in *Glanluckin*† on the further side of the river *Avouge*,‡ and that he has Simon McDavid's sister whome if she doe not stand me in steede I meane to execute." Here was a counterpoise with a vengeance to the damages laid at £1000. We cease all surprise, when two months afterwards, the Lord-deputy predicts that "Feagh McHugh will prove a most hurtfull rebell, as he has broken into open rebellion, although a strong force of shott and archers were sent against the ungratefull traytoure, and Mr. Agarde had killed his brother and other rebels. The "ungratefull traytoure" most sedulously verified the prophecy, and partially avenged the murders done upon his house and kindred, in shortly after "killing of S. Nicholas Devereux his sonne and thirty other gent. of Leynster." In a later avowal to "her highnes," the deputy confesses, that her "forces were too weake against the firebrande of the mountaynes," but conveying a salvo, invested with the picturesque, that "the spoilers of the Pale are only the O'Moores and Feaghe, and the manner of their coming is by daielight with bagpipes, and by night with torchlight." Had the vulgar adage of "paying pipers," been then current, he might have attempted a sly joke at the expense of the Pale.

In 1578 a succession of minor razzias ensued, the most considerable being one undertaken by the Sheriff of Kildare, probably with a view to another term of shrievalty, and the acceptance of service instead of money for the purpose; for the State Papers also tell us, that the rapacity of the venal deputy trafficked in every office; that his corruption lost no opportunity of acquisition; that £60 was his average price of a shrievalty, and £1000 the consideration for the liberty of a state prisoner, even though his captivity was basely accomplished. But the sheriff was doomed not only to disappointment, but to imprisonment, being led captive "to the glens of *Coolranyll*,"§ after "a most valiante charge against Feaghe," as related by Sir Nicholas White the Master of the Rolls, to Burghley. The deputy also mentions his capture, and that Feagh had recruited his strength with two hundred pikemen. Like all intrepid men of every age and clime, called into prominence by oppression, he attracted and attached to himself all who had a wrong to avenge, and were not craven enough to submit; all who spurned the accept-

ance of a religion, proffered to them on the point of the sword, and who were not sufficiently hypocritical to dissemble. When none could be quickened, or stung into emulation of a Bruce or a Wallace; had every chieftain been but a Feagh, and contended as fiercely, even within his own immediate sphere, it may not be, but that such vigorous and desultory war would have achieved *that*, which no common unity of strength or purpose ever attempted. *Iterum iterumque*, the upstart adventurer, whose origin was spurious or lost in its obscurity, was invited to supplant the ancient proprietor, who enjoyed the affections of the people. A spirit in which there was neither charity nor devotion asked of them the surrender of reason and conviction to a nation they abhorred, and whose lives were in continual conflict with the precepts they affected to profess. Security of person, property, or religion, there was none; and unsuspicious of the atrocious policy which coveted resistance, an excitable people, despairing of the rights of citizens in the land of their ancestors, were roused, but not united. Miserable dissensions, and intrigue oftener than force, served to frustrate, to prostrate, and desolate them anew.

Such was the condition of the interval from 1573 to the close of Desmond's rebellion, in which Feagh was an active partizan. As a State Paper of great interest, written in 1590 by Sir John Perrott, the half-brother of Elizabeth, details at length, all the inconveniences (vivid in his mind) suffered by the state and its colonists at Feagh's hands, as well as the various devices contrived for his destruction, in which assassination appears the most acceptable, the narrative will be limited to his testimonies of the years ending 1579.

"3rd October 1590, London.

"Trewe reasons that made me to propose a course against Feaghe mcHughe.

"What envious traitores and pillous|| firebrondes to all Leynster Hugh mcShane and Feaghe mcHughe Lords of the Glynes have byne who allwayes have combyned with the oConnors, Moores, Tooles, Byrnes, and Cavenaghes in Kinge Edwards tyme, Queene Maryes tyme and her Maties tyme that now is, all auncient counsellors dothe knowe the same, and what persons of gent. they have taken and put to ransome, what knights, gent, captaines, and souldiers they have killed wyll not be forgotten, what daylye incursions, what prayes, bordrages, burnings, murders and stethes they have made upon the subiects of the pale, the most of the cuntry wyll wyttnes, and dyvers maye prove the same, yea although they lyve but XXV myles from Dublin yet their cuntrye is so faste and stronge, as the state hath byne gladd to tollerate whatsoever and to gyve them pardonnes at their owne wylls, for they lyve lyke wolves, foxes and beares that praye upon all thynges, and when most parte of Ireland hath byne brought to some quyetnes, then would those people break oute to open warre. Feaghe mcHughe dyd mayntaine the Vicount Baltinglas and John of Desmond in their rebellion, and when they were persecuted in the Glynes, the bones of dyvers knyghtes, gent, capytans and souldiours were left there, his brother Phellyme oToole with some other people burned parte of St. Patrick's when dyvers souldiours were in the citye, how Feaghe dyd behave him selfe when the Lo: Graye very valyantly and

|| Perilous.

\* Cosha (i.e. the land by the river-side). This territory stretches along the river Ow, and its continuation the river Aughrim, which divides it from Ranelagh, or Gaval-Ranaille, the ancient name of the O'Byrne principality. The latter comprised the entire of the barony of Newcastle, with that portion of the barony of Arklow lying north of Ennerelly.

† Glenluckin is evidently meant for Glendalough.

‡ Avoca.

§ Coolranyll - Gaval-Ranaille.

happellie overthrewe the Spanyarde at Smerwick,\* the world dothe knowe, what advertizements I have made (of Feaghe mcHughes combynacon with the Spanyards) to her Matie by my letters to my Lo. Treasurer and Mr. Secretarie Walsingham will appeare. And what advertizements therein the Baron of Kevan<sup>t</sup> hathe made to Mr. Rawleye, and lykewyse what letters the chancellor of Ireland hathe wrytten of late for that matter may be sene, and the fore said people hath cost her Matie beside the charge of her progenitors and the great loss of her subjects done, a hundred thousand pounds at the least, and what a daungerous man he will prove yf forren invacon happen in Ireland will so sune appeare. That I and the counsell there in anno 1587 and parte of ann 1588 could never gett him to come into the state because he loked daylie for the Spanyards landinge in Irelande, but stode upon his guard and bought calyvers, powder and daggers and other furniture for his men, yf not writ of the Queenes hathe byne served in his country, nether darest any man come thether except a notorious traytor or theyft knowne. That he kept Shane oNeales sonne and his owne sonne, and others that brake the pryson out of the castle of Dublin, that he mayntened Walter Reaghe that kyllled Dudlye Bagnall, and maymdd two of Sir Edmond Butler his sonnes, and dyd dyvers murthers and stelthes, bringinge the same to Feaghes countrey, that the robberies and murthers that is comytted by hys people out of his countrey is not to be nombred, that the counsell of Ireland and I have had many consultations how he might be taken or kyllled, considering the daunger that might growe by him yf forren invacon might happen, for yf the Governour should goe to Munster to withstand any forren force, ther must be a convoie of many souldiours, otherwaies the provisions of munition and other things would be taken awaye by him, for he hathe three hundred ydle Kerne and shotte in his country, besides the Moores, Connors, Cavenaghes, Toolles and Byrnes, which he is matcht withall in maryage that would ayde him. That I and Mr. Treasurer (he ioyninge with me some as I remember) wryttee sundrye letters to her Matie and my Lls. here to have a thousand pounds before hand to serve against him, whereof her Matie should not have lost three hundred, for the resydue should have byne paid to the souldiours, and it was then undertaken that what charge should be above that for the takings of his head, or the hanginge him out of his countrey, I would have borne my selfe, and the reason whie, I might then have done yt better then before for the smaler some, was, because I had by practize made his uncles and him at varyense, and I had procured Phellyme oToole his brother in lawe to be a deadlye feudde with him lykewise, and the cheyfe of the Connors beinge his brother in lawe was then sure unto me, and I had sent to my lo. of Lecester four hundred of the most daungerous kearne and shotte of Leynster belonging to the Connors, Moores, Toolles, Byrnes, Cavenaghes, oMoloys and oFarralls, whom I wiaht never to returne againe, and Hugh Duffie mcDonnell beinge his cheyfeeste follower and strongest man of his countrey, was procured from him and at warre with him, or otherwyse I would not have undertaken yt for a farr greater matter because of the strength of his countrey.

That yor. Llo. upon sundry letters for that purpose had conference with Sr. George Bowser Sr. Henry Harrington and others here about that my motion, yet no conclusion was taken for me to proceed, but was wrytte unto to forbear except yt might be done without charge, and at that tyme I was soe restrayned by letters herehence, as I could doe nothinge of my selfe, whereby a good occasion was then loste

\* In 1580 Lord Grey butchered the Italians and Spaniards in the Fort del Or, after unconditional surrender.—*Vide* "THE GERALDINES," *Duffy's Lib. of Ireland*.

† This was probably O'Cavenagh, created Baron of Ballynane early in Queen Mary's reign.

‡ Hand-guns.

for the cuttinge of of so rotten a member, and the puttinge of his countrey in good order, the lyke whereof as was in my tyme will not be had I believe this great while. That he loking for the spanyards daylie, would not meet with Sr. Henry Harrington, Seneschall of the Byrnes at any place without he had great troups with him by the which his purpose was knowne, whereuppon I practized with Sr. Henry Harrington and Sr. William Collyer with one Gerralt Dillon and Tadye Nolan, that some draughts might be drawne upon him, whereby he and his sonne might be kyllled, which they dyd their endeavoures in, but he standinge upon his keepinge and having his company still about him, they cold doe noe good, upon the wch the sayd Taddye Nolan, beinge sometime Wm. Nugent's man and went with him to Italye & comyted unto me by Mr. Secretarie Walsingham for a spie, who in my judgment dealt trulie with me, by the wch the said Nugent was lyke to be taken before he submytted him selfe, and he was my spie also in Meathe for the apprehension of certain fryers, and I sent certaine horsemen to the Bishopp of Meathe to take these fryers, but by some ylle handling of ye. matter they escaped, the said Nolan also told me of certaine massinge priests and masses said in Dublin, which I tould the chauncellor of beinge chiefe of the Highe Commissioners, but nothing was done in that matter by him, and my selfe forbidden by letters from her matie. not to deale in these causes, and then Taddye Nolan offered to payson Feaghe mc Hige and his sonne, whereuppon I first purposed to have sente him to Mr. Secretarie Walsingham, and gave him money for that purpose (who first preferred him unto me) to understande what he thought in that matter, but in thend I wrytte (and stayed him), sayinge in my letter as will appeare, (if searcthe be made for it) that I was loathe to medle in suche a matter without advyce, who answered me in a postscripte of a letter, that I should use my dyscretion therein, and thereupon I talked with one Walsmsley, who upon my motion, and telling him yt was for a wicked enymie of the Queenes, appointed certaine things for that purpose. And I do not now well remember whether he dyd impart that matter to Mr. Secretarie, but I remember very well that sythenoe my cominge out of Irelande the said Taddye dyd offere to me, and to Mr. Secretarie, to goe over to Flaunders, and to kyl Sr. Wm. Stanley,§ and it was once soe concluded, but howe it brake I doe not now knowe. Now it is to be considered yf this should have byne done to a most daungerous subiecte, and not to a proclaimed enymie of a strange Kingdome, and at what daungerous tyme, when the Spaniards were loked for daylie, and yf I yealdd unto that course not upon any private malyce, but to avoyd greater inconveniences and dangers which might happen to the realme by soe wicked a member, who most assuredlye wold have byne a moste daungerous bossome enymie, and amongst men of warre (yf the stories be loked upon) such causes are not newe, and besides it is a most hard matter to calle Governours doeings in question, who have large comyssion, so long as their intents be good, and that noe pryvate cause causeth them to doe extraordinary things, and it is not usual in that land to make proclamacions of warre against trayterous subiects, but aunswere them with their owne courses, for had the Spanyards come, and I to have tarried for ayd out of England, the state here beinge busied in yt selfe, supplies might have byne stayed by wynde, and other occasions, I should have had soe much to doe, and especiallie (yf I wold have left such an enymie as Feaghe wold have byne, any way from cuttinge of, who would have made fyers and flames in the Pale at my backe, whyle I had made heade against the Spanyards). And it is to be sayd that it is nether convenient, that all the actions of Governours should be published abroad in the world, because things must be done

§ "An Irish regiment under Sir Wm. Stanley, sent by the English to assist the Dutch rebels in 1588, went over with their commander to the Catholic party."—*Perrott's Government of Ireland*, p. 112.



accordinge to time, place and occasion, and in seekinge to hinder my credytte herein ther maye be more hurte done then is aware of, beinge verie sorrie yf I am dryven to make these large appologies. And yet for example in the lyke cause, before my tyme, the late Earle of Sussex beinge Governour of that realme as well as I, caused Thomas Smythe, potticarye, now maior of Dublin, to delvery to a servaunt of the said Earles, called John Smythe the otherwyse called Bottle Smythe,\* certayne poysons, which was delivered in a double drinkeinge bottle, wch he gave to Shane O'Neale, who escaped verie hardlie after the receipte of yt. And yet my Lo. of Sussex was neyther thought an evill man or a perillous man, but a most honourable man, and a grave Governour, as he was indeed."

Dismaying as was the issue of the rebellion, in which, on the authority of Hallam, "the sufferings of the nation had never been surpassed but by those of the Jews in their destruction by Titus," the spirit of Feagh MacHugh remained unquenched and unappalled. Though quarter was never given in the field, nor mercy in the tribunal, Feagh was still prepared "to do or die."

Gerard, the chancellor, writing to Burghley, in July, 1580, proclaims Feagh's defiance of Lord Grey, the newly arrived deputy, in his burning of Sir Henry Harrington's town of Newcastle. A month later, the chancellor deplores to Walsingham the hard hap of the deputy in entering the rebel's fastness of Glenmalur. On the same day is another letter to Walsingham from Sir Nicholas Malby, who, though present at the overthrow, is as nearly reticent of disaster as the deputy, who was wholly silent. He *may* have told Malby; he had written a full account, to deter him from being too communicative. Malby writes:

"I am the boulder to shorten my letter in that I knowe my L. Deputie hath fully discovered unto you the manner of his p.ceedings against these rebelles, only in p.tyculer I mynd to touche of the honorable dysposicion I find in this noble gentleman, for after the conflyct past by with so much dysadvantage to our company, wch consisted more in the losse of the fewe gentlemen then in all the rest, I sawe that greate courage as his could not have been bettered by Hercules if he had been in his place, and that not without great judgement and singular considerate regulacon seeking by all meanes possible to draw the rebelles to fight, but yt would not do. the rest of his vertues I leave to your own knowledge."

Lord Grey *did* write a despatch to Walsingham of the same date as Malby's, but not a word escaped him in its three pages of the defeat of five days before. The letter is an elaborate jeremiad of the general conspiracy still unquelled in Ireland, and that without greater forces it cannot be subdued. But Sir William Stanley, who a few years later became England's direst foe, upon the same date as the two previous letters, the 31st August, gives *his* details also to Walsingham:

"I am lothe to write at this tyme, because I have no acceptable newes to write, but such as I am lothe to remember, yet dutie bindeth me so often as I have any convenient messidge to trouble yor. hor. with my letters: I know yor. ho. is certified of our unhappy exploite made unto the

Glen the 25th of August. I am the boulder to write the discourse thereof unto yor. ho. because I knowe noe man can saie trulie he saw more of it then my self. there was of us a Coronell foure captens and one Levetenante appointed to goe through the foresaid Glen wth halffe our company, Mr. George Moore was our coronell and our leader, with hym in the vannwarde was Sr. Peter Carewe capten Audley and the Levetenante of Capten Furrs; the leading of the rerewarde was committed to Sr. Harry Bagnall and my self, the place was such as the enemy had all the advantaig that might be. When we entered the foresaid Glen, we were forced to slide some tymes 3 or 4 fadoms or we colds staie our feete; it was in depth where we entered at the least a myle, full of stones, rocks, bogs and wood, in the bottom thereof a ryver full of lose stones, wch we were dryven to crosse dyverse tymes, so longe as our leaders kept the bottome, the oddes of the skermysch was on our side. But our Coronell being a cor-polent man not hable to endure travaile, before we were halffe through the Glen (wch was four myles in length) ledd us up the hill that was a mile in height, it was so steepe that we were forced to use our hands as well to clymbe as our feete, and the vanward being gone up the hill, we must of necessitie followe, and the enemy charged us verie hottlye, dyverse of them had served amongst Englishmen under the leading of Capten Greene that had served in Connoght, and was caried by one Garret, a Capten to the Rebells, it was the hottest peece of service for the tyme that ever I saw in any place. I was in the rerewarde and with me 20 soldiers of myne, whereof were layne 8 and desperately hurt 10. I had with me my dromet whome I caused to sounde many alarmes wch was well answered by them that was in the rerewarde wch staied them from pulling us down by the heeles. But I lost diverse of my deere frends, they were laied all along the wood as they shoulde passe behind trees, rocks, crags, bogs and in covert. Yet so long as we kept the bottome I lost never a man till we were drawn to the hill by our leader where we could observe no order, we could have no sight of them, but were faine only to beat the place where we sawe the smoke of their peeeces but the hassard of my self and the loss of my company was the savegarde of many others. I knowe and confesse that it was the hande of Almightye God that preserved me, the places was soe very ill, that were a man never so slightlie hurte he was loste because no man was hable to healepe him up the hill, some died being so out of breath that they were hable to goe noe further being not hurte at all. Thus having troubled yor. honor further than willinglie I woulde I do here most humble take my leave comending my self and my service unto yor. honor. Dublin the last of August 1580.

"P.S. Sr. Peter Carewe, Caps. Audley and his Levetenante, Mr. Cosbie, Mr. George Moore, George Stafforde of my own company, Hastings, Wise and John Shane a newew of Capten Rafe Salusbrie that was borne in Spaine, my page with fyve others, there was not in all above 30 Englishmen slayne."

Here again must there be no inconsiderable stinting of truth. Cox states the amount of Lord Grey's troops to have been 1000, commanded by experienced officers. It is scarcely reconcilable with any probability that an action so hotly and fiercely contested for several hours, and terminating in ignominious rout, should only result in the loss of thirty English. MacGeoghegan states the loss at 800, and Cox, without fixing a number, states only a few of the English were saved by the cavalry. He also says, that Lord Grey, with Colonel Wingfield and the Earl of Kildare, were posted on a hill, awaiting the result, and retreated to Dublin with the remnant, in the words of Leland, "covered with confusion and dishonour."

† Drummer.

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\* At this period Smyth was the only apothecary in Ireland.—"Hamilton's Calendar of the State Papers."

Stanley's description of locality, according so accurately with the scenery, unmistakeably fixes the disaster within the pass of Glenmalur, the portal of that mountain fastness, so long the retreat of the persecuted and the vanquished—consecrated in every time of trouble as the asylum where succour and security were awaiting all fleeing from strife and danger, when all but hope was lost. From thence could the late tenant of a dungeon, and the outlawed victim of a ruthless rule, in safety look abroad from the ark of his refuge, and, clinging still to hope, await the olive branch of peace.

"For yet, on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,  
And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each valley."

They "*laid their ambushes so cunningly*," says Cox, "*that the English could neither fight in that devilish place, nor retire out of it; in short, they were defeated, and the whole company slain, except some few that were rescued by the horsemen.*" Mitchel, adopting Cox, says, "*during\* all this long and inglorious war, the only day of which one can speak with pleasure, is the day of Glendalough.*" But Glenmalur is entitled to all the historic credit, which that day proved to the too-confident English, that though defeated, the Irish were still unconquered. Not a tremor of a branch or leaf decking its dizzy heights betrayed a danger—not a pebble rolling downwards to the Avonbeg awakened a suspicion—no note of bag-pipe broke the stillness, and proclaimed a gathering of the O'Byrnes; all was lulled confidence, until one appalling chorus rang through the wild solitude to scare the foe, while its echoes told the proud deputy that the chieftain of the mountains was still unsubdued, and that Liberty was not yet dead!

This defeat withdrew from Feagh the immediate attention of the government. It sought for easier conquests. The fear, too, of foreign invasion also stayed his ruin. He remained secure in his fastness, sometimes simulating submission, but ever on the alert against surprise, and still extending protection and hospitality to all claiming it. Burghley and Elizabeth now and again received intimations after *this* fashion, that "Feagh MacHughe and O'Donnell have done little harm this winter—that Auditor Jennyson had lived like a hog, and died like a dog," and had passed away without passing his accounts. In May 1588 a Captain Dawtreys furnishes Burghley with what he calls "A Discourse on Ireland," which we may well designate "a yarn." The communicative captain says: "The Irish have all that their swords can command; the civilest of all the Irish races delight in all their Irish assemblies to be called Mac-i-re, enion-mac-i-Righ, *i.e.* the king's son and the king's daughter, and to have services done by the name of cios-na-re, or king's rents. Leynster must fyrst be reduced by subduing the septe of the O'Byrnes, and their capten Feaghe McHughe." In the same month, writing from Kilkenny to Burghley, Sir Ralph Lane, Muster-Master-General, Inspector of

Parish-Clerks and Bell-Ringers,† a man whose grovelling avarice grasped at everything, and who was afterwards dismissed for fraud and peculation, tells that "Feagh McHughe has with him three or four Spaniards, lately come from Brittany, and he has set all the axe-men he can provide to make pykes, and smithes to make heads for them," and concludes with the fervent wish, "to have the mountayne beggar razed out of his spacious denne." Later again Sir Nicholas White tells Burghley and us, that use was found for the pikes, for "Feagh since Christmasse hathe gone with eight-score men, eating along the borders of the countie of Kyldare, from Tasshaggard‡ to the countie of Catherloughe."§

The second and successful escape of O'Donnell, and his flight to Feagh in 1590, becomes the next most salient feature, and one that fully confirms his generous hospitality to the victims of oppression or affliction. The account is conveyed in the examinations of the unfortunate Walter Reagh, Feagh's son-in-law, then a prisoner awaiting death, when his captors had decided upon "the manner of punishment to make him a notable example of justice." The first examination was upon the 9th April, 1595: in its proper chronological order the means and mode of his capture will be duly detailed.

"The examination of Walter Fitzgerald alias Walter Reaghe saithe that Feaghe McHughe about six weeks since sent one Dermot o'Toole, an Ulster man borne, to therle of Tirone with a letter to know what ayd he and the country there would give him for his maintenance in these warres, who returned the said messenger aboute a month since with a letter from therle in aunswere of Feaghe's request, that therle and that country would find him at their owne charge for a yere 1,000 men—therle 400, o'Donell 400, Maguire 100, Bryanoge o'Rorke 100, and MacMahon promised the ayde of one other hundred, the forces to be sent by sea from O'Donnells country and to be landed at Arklo at such time as the L. Deputy shall make his journey into Ulster. Being further demanded if therle and o'Donell did looke or hope for anie ayd oute of Spayne he said the said messenger upon his said returne did bring advertisement that therle and rest of Ulster were promised ayde out of Spayne, and for the bringing over of the Spanish ayde, they of Ulster sent over Bishop o'Hely|| thether wch bisshopp was sent long before. Touching o'Donnell and other their escape out of the castle of Dublin, he saith that Tirlogh Buoy therle of Tirones horseman that carried o'Donnell awaie into the north, told him and Feaghe macHughe that some gent, and captens of the English pale, and namely the Warrens promised to send horses for the conveying away of o'Donell and that was by the agreement of therle and the said gent and captens, and the cause why the said erle gent and captains did not send said horses long before was because Henrie and Art O Neale was then in the castle during which tyme of his being there therle would not send, because that they did not love Henrie O Neale and Art O Neale. Further saith that Feaghe and he meant to send the messenger Dermott o'Toole again into the north when my L. Deputy should go thether."

† The office of "*chief bell ringer*" was one which many might ambition. Lane, writing to Burghley, May 2, 1595, and begging the appointment, states that it would enable him "to cesse himself on the Parish Clarke's for chickens and bakon."

‡ Saggard.

§ Carlow.

|| Archbishop of Tuam, concerning whom and other Catholic prelates we possess a mass of unpublished documents which shall appear occasionally in our pages.

\* F. Mitchel's "Life of Hugh O'Neill," in Duffy's Library of Ireland.

This examination, it must be remembered, was taken when the wretched Walter was suffering from his wounds, and there can be no doubt that torture, the usual stimulant to every examinant, was not relaxed in his favor. The second examination was taken upon the 10th April, in the interval, the wounded, tortured captive being hung in chains!!!

#### THE SECOND EXAMINATION.

"He did not intend to burn the women in Sr Piers Fitz James and that he saved Thomas his eldest son, and sent him to school with a young scholler called Walter M'Shane who is sonne to John Williams of the Nasse, said Thomas and his said school master are now in Mounster about Clonmell. He cannot charge any of the said Warrens mentioned in his former examination about the said escape neyther had the said oDonell or anie of those wch made the said escape anie horse from anie of the Warrens but oDonell went away upon a horse which he bought at Ballinecorr of an Ulster man, and that another horse wch Feaghe macHughe gave him, wch was a whyte bobtayle."

Each examination is attested by the signatures of the Deputy, Sir William Russell, Adam Loft-house or Loftus, the Archbishop & Chancellor, Sir Anthony St. Leger, then the Master of the Rolls, and Calthorpe, the Attorney-General.

The escape of O'Donnell occurred in the second government of Fitzwilliam. A future paper may convince the most sceptical, it was to this man's avarice, O'Donnell was indebted for his liberty. Cox and Leland charge it upon him. The State Papers prove it. Cox says further of him, that "being answered at Whitehall (when he sought for some reward for his services) that the Government of Ireland was a preferment, and not a service, he ever after endeavoured to make his profit of that office."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

#### A DREAM OF GLENFLESK.

[The romantic valley of the Fleak, so well known to southern tourists, is one of the most picturesque and rugged glens of which our island can boast. In this valley are the ruins of the castle of the O'Donoghues, anciently Lords of the Glens.]

##### I.

In grandeur Cintra's peaks arise,  
The Lisbon hills are fair;  
And fruits and flowers of gorgeous dyes,  
Are heavy on the air;  
And all that's rugged, wild, and grand,  
Luxuriant, graceful, bright;  
In wildering mazes, hand-in-hand,  
Unite to charm the sight,  
In Cintra grand.

##### II.

And yet, the little home I knew  
Beside the turbid wave;  
The little home that held in view  
The outlaw's wondrous cave.

For me, with plot of meadow grass,  
The old oak wood in view,  
The wild and storied rugged pass,  
And flowers in sun and dew,  
In sweet Glenflesk!

##### III.

The slippery crags, in ponderous mass,  
Were piled around the cave;  
And through the towering mountain-pass  
I heard the splashing wave;  
The yellow grass, the stunted tree,  
Looked down from rugged height  
On Fleak, that lingered, spreading free  
'Mid meadow patches bright,  
In sweet Glenflesk.

##### IV.

The Annemore stretched north and south  
Across the saffron west;  
And summer came, without a drought,  
In gold and purple dressed.  
The Cruachan showed the *Phil-a dhaoun* \*  
The Looah, and the Clyde,  
All splashed with foam, came coursing down,  
To join the deeper tide,  
In sweet Glenflesk.

##### V.

My grandame's little cot retired  
Behind the skirting wood,  
And all good things my heart desired,  
Within its four walls stood;  
The bright fields, sloping southward, reached  
Fleak's soft and silvery rim,  
While, with the stream, a rope-walk stretched  
In elm-shadows dim  
In sweet Glenflesk!

##### VI.

And up the rock, my mother's cot  
Crouched in the heather bright,  
The children Heaven gave her lot  
Grew in her careful sight.  
But grandame's partial love was dealt  
To me, the youngest child;  
O, swiftly flew the months we felt,  
All radiant, winged and wild,  
In sweet Glenflesk!

##### VII.

Beside the low and bright turf-fire,  
We listened to the store,  
The magic tales that could not tire;  
We heard, and asked for more.

\* Anglicè, "the Demon's Cliff," a mass of rock which forms the face of the Crochaun mountain, at the opening of the valley of the Fleak. In this mass there is a fissure traditionally known as "the Outlaw's Bed."

And "Mammy Betty" (grandame's name,  
She loved its sound from me)  
Would pour wild legends, bright with fame,  
On hill, and cave, and tree,  
In sweet Glenfesk!

## VIII.

But oh, the day! the heavy day!  
The day of bitter woes!  
The roofs that sheltered our kind p'ay;  
Our parents' soft repose;  
Our homely prayer, our fire-side peace;  
Our hospitable board,  
Were levelled low, and scarce a trace  
Of homes once snugly stored,  
In sweet Glenfesk!

## IX.

Then worn with want, and wild with grief,  
My misery to enhance,  
I joined beneath this Wellealey chief  
To check imperial France;  
Black fate ruled high the slaughtering hour  
I joined this Saxon band,  
To pine beneath its withering power,  
Far from my native land,  
And sweet Glenfesk!

## X.

O, that with heart had sped my hand,  
With Captain Rock to roam:  
To fight through passes of our land,  
For freedom, hearth and home:  
But here, encamped with alien chiefs,  
Beneath a scorching sky,  
I utter forth my useless griefs,  
As far from home I lie,  
And sweet Glenfesk.

## XI.

Strange glories Nature's hand can stamp,  
In mellow hues and dyes;  
At night, the lucid glow-worms' lamp,  
And flick'ring bright fire-flies;  
The Kintas of Coolares stretch  
With gorgeous waxen flowers,  
And bright with luscious fruit-trees reach  
The seaward caves and towers,  
Near Cintra grand!

## XII.

And yet I hope to lay my head  
Beside the outlaw's cave;  
Again to see, ere life be fled,  
My native glen and wave.  
O, all young men of Erin know,  
How hard must be his fate,  
Who will to foreign service go,  
Far from his native state,  
And sweet Glenfesk!

FINN BARR.

## THE LEGEND OF INISCATHY.

For a century or more after the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, the social state of this country presents itself to us under an aspect singularly curious and interesting. In many a nook and corner paganism still lingered; for, either it was hard to eradicate it out of some coarse-grained natures; or like those more subtle and philosophic principles which lay buried under the farrago of Greek and Roman mythology, it was not sufficiently absurd to vanish in every case at the first dawn of truth; or, it was associated with so many proud traditions of the Celtic race, that some clung to it still for the sake of the warriors of old, who knew no better way. On the other hand, we all know how rapid, and, as it were, spontaneous, was the growth of Christianity in this island; how quickly it developed the religious feelings of the people; how abundant were its fruits in this Irish soil; how glorious and refulgent was the lustre with which the light of faith shone out in the face of Europe from this ultimate limit of the then known world! The utmost perfection of the gospel was carried into practice by thousands of the people; monastic institutes of the most rigid rules sprung into existence throughout the length and breadth of the land; and monastic schools in which knowledge, in its most simple beauty, and such as never was heard of in the groves of Academus, was taught by the shorn-headed and the mortified. All this was not the slow work of time, but the immediate result of St. Patrick's preaching; so that it would seem that the great heart of the Irish race was opened all at once to the doctrines which he taught, and as if the holiest effects which these doctrines were ever to have on this side of heaven were there and then to be attained. Yet, as we have said, side by side with these wonderful things, the ancient superstition of the druids still survived; though it had sunk into such profound obscurity, and its records become so obliterated from our political annals, that we should scarcely be aware of its protracted continuance, were it not for those most important sources of our history—the acts of the primitive Irish saints—some of which bear internal evidence of having been written when paganism still held its ground in Ireland, or at least record directly the traditions of that period. Hence, in the manners of that remote age we find lights and shadows strangely contrasted, and, as similar qualities are wont to do in physical nature, producing the wildest and most picturesque effects. Let the following narrative, which we glean from some of those venerable documents just alluded to, serve as an example:—

In that part of north Munster, anciently called Corcabaiscin, which, washed on the south by the river Shannon, extended from the estuary of the Fergus westward to the ocean, and was bounded on the north by the territory of Corcomroe in the north of the present county of Clare, there lived at the time to which we have been referring, a Christian couple named Ercan



and Comgalla. It is just possible that the former was old enough to have been one of the multitude who crossed the Shannon in their currachs from Corcabaiscin, when St. Patrick was preaching on the opposite shore in Hy Figeinte, and when, after receiving baptism at the hands of that apostle, they entreated him in vain to visit their country, but only succeeded in obtaining his blessing on it from the summit of Mullagh Findine, now the well-known hill of Knoc Patrick, near Foynes. If Ercan were among the number on that occasion he heard some prophetic words in which he was deeply interested, but of which he could then little anticipate the purport.

Ercan and Comgalla, who resided at Magh-lagha or Mullagha, at no great distance from the present port of Kiltrush, had a son named Senan, who, from his earliest years, gave earnest of that wonderful sanctity for which he afterwards became celebrated. Many marvellous circumstances are related of him from his boyhood; but although the accounts which we have of these and many similar things rest upon authorities of an antiquity long anterior to the age of historical criticism, we would argue rashly if we submitted them to the same standard with common-place occurrences, and forgot that they refer to a period at which all the necessity of vindicating the truth of religion by the manifestation of miraculous power still existed, and when the holiness known to have been attained by some favoured individuals was in itself, compared with our present experience, a thing of supernatural character.

Senan's father, like the other leading persons who then inhabited that district, belonged to the distinguished race of Conary the Second, monarch of Ireland in the second century, whose son, Cairbre Baschain (the brother of that Cairbre Riada who founded the illustrious tribe of Dalriada of Antrim and Scotland) gave his name to the territory; but Ercan was only a subject, and was compelled to send his son to the hostings of his chief. This was sorely against the inclinations of the youthful Senan, whose tastes were far from being military. On one occasion he was obliged to accompany the chief in an expedition into the neighbouring territory of Corcomroe; but instead of joining in the work of pillage, which he knew to be unjust, he concealed himself under a stack of wheat, where he fell asleep, and was discovered by some of the enemy after his own party had retired. According to another account, it was after the total rout and slaughter of the men of Corcabaiscin, on this occasion, that young Senan in his flight sought shelter under the corn; but be that as it may, the attention of the foe was attracted to his place of retreat by a lambent flame, which seemed to them to envelop the stack without consuming it. They then discovered the sleeping youth, who at once acknowledged that he belonged to the hostile party; but his ingenuous manner, as well as the wonderful circumstance just mentioned, convinced the men that he was some friend of heaven, and rude and enraged though they were, they allowed him to go in peace.

Sometime after this, Senan was driving cattle home

from the west, and after a long journey had reached, late in the evening, the shore of a large creek, which he could have passed at low water, but over which the tide then flowed. He applied for a night's resting-place for himself and his cattle, at the only habitation within sight; but the master was absent, and the servants refused any hospitality, so that, late as it was, Senan drove his cattle to the sea-shore to await the ebbing of the tide. Unexpectedly, however, he found the sands dry, and having crossed in safety with his herd to the opposite side, he looked back and saw the waves again rolling over the vast tract of sand on which he had walked. He also saw in the distance an enemy approaching the inhospitable dwelling of Dun-maghair, where he had asked in vain for lodging, and despoil it before his eyes. This fresh testimony of heaven's intervention in his favour appeared to him irresistible. He resolved henceforth to renounce the world, and planting his spear in the earth, he attached a stick to it in the form of a cross, and kneeling before the sacred emblem, offered the remainder of his life to God, and implored the divine blessing on his resolution. Accordingly, having delivered the cattle to his parents, he left his home, and repaired to a certain holy abbot named Cassidan, a native of Kerry-cuirke, (the present barony of Kerricurrihy, between the mouth of Cork harbour and Kinsale) but who appears to have then resided in a western part of Corcabaiscin called Iorras. Senan having received the monastic habit from Cassidan, prosecuted his studies, in the next place, in the great school of St. Naal, or Natalis, who is said to have been a son of the king Aengus, whom St. Patrick baptised at Cashel, and from whom it is probable that Killenaule, in Tipperary, took its name.

One of Senan's duties at the Monastery of St. Natalis, was to take charge of the mill in which the corn for the use of the monks was ground. He was in the habit of watching all night alone, and some pagan robbers in the neighbourhood becoming aware of this fact, thought they had a good opportunity to attack and plunder the mill, and to slay the solitary monk if he made any resistance. Accordingly they came one night to carry out their design, but on looking through a chink in the door, they observed two young men inside; one being our monk, who was engaged in study, and the other a stranger, who occupied himself in the work of the mill. The robbers hesitated whether they should break in while these two persons were watching; and one of them having suggested that the stranger had, no doubt, come to grind corn for himself, they resolved to tarry until he departed. All night long they watched, but finding in the morning that Senan was alone, they rightly concluded that the mysterious stranger was a being not of this world; they were thereupon converted, and at Senan's intercession were admitted into the monastery, where they became, in process of time, most exemplary religious. Many other marvels are related of Senan during his sojourn with the abbot Natalis; but at length, in obedience to the command of that holy man, who saw that he was destined for something

greater than a simple monk, he travelled for the purpose of preparing himself to undertake a more important charge. In his peregrinations he visited Rome and Tours, and on his way home spent some time in Britain with the celebrated St. David of Menavia, between whom and him an intimate friendship sprung up. From the fact that St. David presented him with a staff, or crozier, it may be conjectured that Senan had already been consecrated bishop. On arriving in Ireland he landed at Ardnemeth, now the Great Island, near Cork, and proceeding thence, after a short stay, he erected his first church at Iniscarra, on the river Lee, a few miles west of Cork. While he was here a ship arrived bearing fifty Roman monks, or, at least, fifty religious from some Roman province, who came to Ireland to follow a more rigid discipline, and to study the Scriptures; for even thus early the fame of Ireland for sanctity and learning became so wide spread, that religious men and students had already begun to flock to her shores from distant countries. These fifty foreigners were divided into five bands of ten each, and distributed among as many religious establishments; one band proceeding to the monastery of St. Finnian, another to that of St. Brendan, a third to that of St. Barry, a fourth to that of St. Kieran, while Senan himself kindly received the fifth under his own care. At Iniscarra Senan was persecuted by the local chieftain, named Lugad, who insisted upon unjust exactions to which Senan refused to submit; but the dispute having been arranged through the interference of two young noblemen of the chieftain's followers, who took up the cause of the religious, Senan, leaving some of his disciples at that place, proceeded to carry out the work of his mission elsewhere. He founded monasteries in succession in the islands of Inislunghie; Inismor, supposed by some to be Deer-Island, at the mouth of the Fergus; Inis-keeragh, which Colgan says was in Ibrickan; Inisconla, in the Fergus, and finally, in Iniscathy, or as it is now generally called, Scatterry Island, lying near the mouth of the Shannon, in view of his own native Mullagha. Traces of those old foundations are to be found in most of these places, but in Iniscathy we have several of these venerable remains in a most perfect state of preservation.

According to the old legend, there was no human habitation on Iniscathy until Senan fixed his abode there; a horrible monster—possibly one of the great antediluvian reptiles, as has been suggested in relation to these traditinary monsters of Irish story—having up to that time rendered the island uninhabitable; but as soon as the holy man had expelled the monster by his prayers, the toparch of Hy-Figeinte, claimed the island as his right, and ordered the monks to be ejected from it. This toparch, by name Mactail, was still a pagan, and a cruel tyrant, as his actions would show. He commanded two brothers of Senan's to carry his unjust orders into execution, but one of these men who attempted to drag Senan by force from the island, having died by the judgment of heaven, and the other being stricken with horror for the service imposed upon him,

Mactail next employed his Druid to execute his orders, and finally came himself, raging with great fury, and blasphemously declaring that he cared no more for Senan and his God, than he did for a shorn sheep. In effect, the following day, while Mactail was still intent on his cruel purpose, his horses took fright at a shorn sheep, which rushed under their feet, and the chariot being overturned, the miserable tyrant was killed upon the spot.

St. Brendan, the famous navigator, and founder of Clonfert, and St. Kieran, the illustrious founder of Clonmacnoise, visited Senan in Iniscathy. He was their senior in years, and they chose him as their guide in the road of sanctity. It is related of Kieran, that when coming to the island he met a mendicant, to whom he gave his religious habit, having no other alms to offer, and thus proceeded almost naked himself to the shore. Senan, prophetically aware of the circumstance, sent some of his disciples with a broken curragh, the only boat in the island, to convey Kieran from the mainland, while he himself proceeded to the shore to await his visitor with a new tunic or habit, to replace the one which had been so charitably surrendered. While St. Kieran remained at Iniscathy, he filled the office of providore for strangers.

It is related that at another time a holy virgin named Brigid, of the Dalcassian tribe, and who presided over a community of nuns in Inis-fidhe, or the woody island, now Feenish, at the mouth of the Fergus, prepared a vestment for Senan, and that having no means of conveying it to him, she packed it up in some hay, and placing it in a wicker basket, entrusted it to the returning tide, by which it was deposited on the shore of Iniscathy, and thus it came safely to the hands of the holy abbot, for whom it was intended.

The rule which Senan framed, excluding women from the island of Iniscathy, and the rigid strictness with which he enforced it, as in the case of St. Cannera, have been made familiar to the world by Moore and other poets. This latter circumstance is thus related in the old authority before us:—St. Cannera or Kinnera, a most devout virgin, and handmaid of Christ, born in the territory of Bantry, in the southern extremity of Ireland, and related to the mother of St. Senan, had a vision in which she imagined that she saw flames ascend towards heaven from all the churches or monasteries of Ireland, but that one of these columns of heavenly fire was higher than all the rest, and this she understood to proceed from the monastery of St. Senan on Iniscathy. She felt that her own end was approaching, and desiring to die in so sacred a place, she set out in search of her kinsman's monastery. One version represents her as conveyed to the island by an angel, and another as walking upon the water; but this miracle notwithstanding, Senan met her on the shore, and prohibited her from entering the island, having first requested her to go to the house of his mother, her own relative, on the mainland. St. Cannera earnestly entreated permission to remain on Iniscathy. She argued that Christ died for women as well as men, and that neither He nor His disciples

rejected the society of women; but Senan opposed to all her arguments the rigid rule which he had judged suitable for the austere discipline of his community, and rejected her prayer. She then said that all she required was to receive the Holy Communion on the island, and to obtain a spot of earth upon its shore, in which her remains might be deposited after death. The former of these petitions it was impossible for Senan to refuse, but as soon as the Holy Sacrament was administered to her she expired, and then her second wish was also accomplished: for a grave was dug about high-water mark, and her body was committed to the venerated earth; and although the place is now washed by the tide, the grave of St. Cannara has not been effaced, but is pointed out traditionally to the present day.

After a life spent in prayer and the practice of the most severe austerity, St. Senan felt his death approaching. While he was returning from a visit to his old master Cassidan, he turned aside to the Church of Killeochaille, not identified, where he had founded a convent of nuns, and expired there on the 1st of March. The following day his remains were removed to Iniscathy, whither the bishops, abbots, and others of the clergy came from Limerick and the surrounding country, as did also many of the neighbouring chieftains and leading men; and his obsequies were continued until the 8th, on which day his festival occurs in the Irish calendar. From that time, as St. Patrick prophetically told on the height of Findine, he has been venerated as a patron in the country lying at both sides of the Lower Shannon, but particularly in that part of the county of Limerick anciently called Hy-Conail-Gavra (the modern baronies of Upper and Lower Conilloe), of which he is the joint patron, with the holy virgin St. Ita, of Kileedy.

Such is a brief outline of what we have here designated "The Legend of Iniscathy," using the word "legend" in its primitive and strict sense of one of those chronicles of the lives of saints read (*legenda*) in former times at matins, and in the monastic refectories, and which generally terminated with a "protest," intimating that every thing mentioned therein of a supernatural character, and which had not been duly investigated and approved of by the Church, was to be received only on the credit of the historical authority on which it rested—a rule which is perfectly well understood by Catholics about all such narratives. We need only say that the acts of St. Senan, which were translated from the Irish into Latin by Colgan, and which we have followed, were evidently written while Iniscathy was still a bishop's see, that is, sometime before the year 1188, or about seven hundred years ago, but how much older they are—and we know they are some hundred years more—it would be difficult now to determine. As to the precise date of the events recorded of St. Senan, we only know that he died about the year 544. St. Odran, his relative, succeeded him as bishop and abbot, and in after times we sometimes find his comharbs or successors styled bishops, and sometimes only abbots. The name of Iniscathy frequently occurs in the Irish Annals. Thus we find that in 792 Olcovar,

son of Flann, the airchennach or herenach, that is, the lay administrator of Iniscathy, died. In 816 the island was plundered by the Danes, who massacred the clergy, and defaced the monument of St. Senan. In 861 Aidan, abbot of Iniscathy, died; in 942 died the warlike Flahertach, who had been first Abbot of Iniscathy, then minister to Cormac MacCuileanain, the bishop-king of Cashel, whom he urged into the unfortunate war which ended in Cormac's death at the battle of Ballaghmoon, in 903: and finally, who, after many years spent in penance in Iniscathy, became himself king of Munster. In 963 the abbot Gevenagh, son of Cathal, died; in 972 Iniscathy was plundered by Magnus, son of Aralt (Harold) and the Lagmanns, a tribe of Danes from the Inse Gall, or Western Isles of Scotland; and as Imhar (Ivor), lord of the foreigners of Luimneach (Limerick), "was on this occasion carried off from the island in violation of (the sanctuary of) Senan;" it has been conjectured that the aforesaid Ivor was at that time a Christian, while the Danes from the Hebrides were still pagans. In 975 the great Brian, son of Kennedy, recovered Iniscathy from the Northmen, on whom he inflicted signal vengeance on the occasion. He landed on the island with a chosen force of his Dalcassians, vanquished Imhar and his sons, Amlave and Dubhgenn, and slew eight hundred of the enemy, whose bones whitened the surface of the island for centuries after; still the Irish Annals mention this attack upon the Danes by the future victor of Clontarf as a violation of the holy island. In 994 Colla, abbot and wise-man or doctor of Iniscathy, died; in 1050 O'Scuala, the herenach of the island, died; in 1081 the death of St. Senan's comharba, O'Bric, is recorded: in 1119 the Annals say that "Dermot O'Leanna, successor of Senan of Iniscathy, a paragon of penance, died; in 1179 Iniscathy was devastated by William Hoel, an English knight; and in 1188 is recorded the death of the last bishop of the island, Hugh O'Beachan; about which latter year it is supposed that Iniscathy was united to the see of Limerick; or, as Usher thought, was divided between the sees of Limerick, Kilmaloe, and Ardferit. Its name is mentioned on a few subsequent occasions; and by Queen Elizabeth the island was granted in 1583 to the corporation of Limerick, whose property it still continues to be. We believe that the Catholic bishop of Limerick still continues to appoint one of the curates at Kilrush in right of his jurisdiction over the neighbouring island of Iniscathy.

If we had no more than the general assurance that so many beautiful and most ancient traditions were associated with a particular locality, it would still be interesting to trace out the details by the aid of conjecture, and every circumstance helping, even remotely, to identify the scenes would be deemed valuable; but here we are not left in that kind of uncertainty. Thanks to the religious respect with which the relics of our ecclesiastical antiquity are generally regarded by the rural population, and the little spirit of innovation which was abroad in those times when such respect could have afforded no safety against destruction, vast numbers of

primitive Christian remains are still preserved in most parts of Ireland, and in few places, within so small a compass, are they so numerous, perfect, or interesting as in Iniscathy. Here we still have in admirable preservation the ancient Cathedral, which must have been already venerable for its antiquity seven hundred years ago, when Iniscathy ceased to be a bishop's see. We are perfectly justified in presuming that within these walls the abbot Flahertach presided at the sacred functions in the beginning of the tenth century. The beautifully sculptured key-stone of the east window, representing a mitred head, said to be that of St. Senan himself, exhibits marks of injury that were probably inflicted by the heathen Vikings so long ago as the year 816. The low, square, massive doorway in the west gable belongs to the seventh or eighth century, and was only recently discovered and reopened, having been closed many centuries ago, when an entrance in the pointed style was made in the southern side-wall, near the same end; and in the wall near the aforesaid ancient square door-way an inscribed stone has been discovered which may have belonged to a still more ancient edifice. This church, though perfectly simple, was grand and beautiful in its proportions for the age and place to which it belonged, and the remains of most of the other seven churches which the island contained, are still in a more or less perfect state of preservation. The most interesting of these to the pilgrim is the small building, known as St. Senan's bed or grave; for it was within its narrow precinct, according to tradition, that the ashes of the holy man were deposited. Near this building a very ancient tomb-stone has been lately uncovered, having a curious incised cross in the early Irish interlaced style, and an Irish inscription which, Professor Curry translates:—"A prayer for Moenach the tutor of Moghron,"—but who either of these ancient personages was it would be vain now to inquire. There can indeed be no doubt that several of the remains on the island date even from the sixth century, when St. Senan himself was still alive.

Rising majestically from the principal group of ruins, stands the round-tower, one of the finest in Ireland, with its cone-shaped cap still perfect. It stands due west of the old cathedral, the distance from the primitive square doorway to the cyclopean doorway of the tower is seventy-eight feet. One of the peculiarities of the round-tower is that its entrance was on a level with the ground, and not at some elevation above it, as was generally the case in those singular monastic strongholds. The tower, which is 117 feet in height, was at some distant period rent by lightning throughout a great part of its length, and would probably have, ere this, fallen a prey to the elements but for a Catholic curate of Kilrush, the Rev. Mr. Moran, if we rightly recollect, who raised a subscription for the purpose, and caused the rent to be repaired some years since. At the eastern extremity of the island is the lower part of a castle, the walls being still high enough to afford a habitation to a poor boatman and his family; and near this some large masses

of masonry below high-water mark indicate the site of one of the seven churches; the sea, having at this, and several other points, encroached considerably on the soil of the island, the arable surface of which at present is about a hundred acres. The blessed well, which supplies the islanders abundantly with fresh water, and which is said to owe its origin miraculously to St. Senan, is near the round tower, and at the head of the steps which lead down to it is a very rude and ancient cross, the carving on which is nearly effaced.

The most elevated part of the island is that called *Ard-na-n-Angel*, or the Angel's Height, where it was said that St. Senan, conveyed by an angel, first set foot on Iniscathy. This point is occupied by a group of greatly dilapidated ruins, and the view from it is on all sides magnificent. In the west the horizon of the Atlantic is visible between the steep headland of *Kil-kedrane* point beyond *Carrigaholt*, on the right, and the high coast of *Kerry* on the left; while between, and all round, is spread the majestic bosom of the mighty *Shannon*, along which the eye ranges for several miles to the east, taking in *St. Patrick's Hill* in the remote distance. But the most picturesque view is that of the *Kerry* coast, with the fine ruins of *Carrigafoyle Castle* and *Lislaghtin Abbey* close to the water's edge. The ancient territory of the *O'Conor-Kerry*, *Iraghticonor*, lies before us; and the outline is finely varied by the *Hill of Knockanure*, which separates us from *Ballybunnian* on the S.W., and by the distant heights of the ancient *Slieve Luachra* in the S.E. All about lie scenes which invite the artist's pencil, or the study of the antiquary, or the veneration of the pilgrim; nor are these scenes difficult of access, for the steamers which now ply daily between *Limerick*, or *Foynes* and *Kilrush* pier, close at hand, afford every facility to the tourist on the *Lower Shannon*. Our object for the present, however, was only to direct attention to *St. Senan's* ancient island, with its wonderful story and its venerable remains.

#### THE WANING OF THE YEAR.

##### I.

The mist was lifting silver grey  
From off the mountain peaks,  
And broke the wild November day,  
Behind the purple Reeks;  
Upon the lone and stormy glens,  
On *Carrun-Tual's* crown;  
And the splinter'd peaks whence rushing Flesk,  
To *Lough Lene* thunders down,—  
When I parted in the gloomy pass,  
With all my heart held dear,  
My own lost love and native land,  
In the waning of the year.

##### II.

The waves went lashing madly up  
The dark lake's stormy marge,  
As the wild wind curled the crested foam  
Around my lady's barge.



Her oarsmen bent them to the stroke;  
 She sat in dauntless calm,  
 Her white face raised to the angry heaven,  
 The rudder 'neath her palm.  
 With a hopeless and a desperate glance,  
 That left no place for fear,  
 She came to meet her outlaw'd love  
 In the waning of the year.

## III.

I watched her near the foeman's fort—  
 I saw the shot fly fast,—  
 I marked her look of woman scorn,  
 As the slight skiff sped past.  
 And as the coward Dutchman raised  
 The matchlock in his hand,  
 She kissed the white rose, and she cried—  
 "King James and Ireland!"  
 For true to king, and land, and faith,  
 Was she, my lady dear,  
 As her kin who sailed from Limerick town,  
 In the waning of the year!

## IV.

Red gleam'd the flash—the echo rang,  
 The light smoke clear'd away—  
 The hooker's bows came plunging on  
 Thro' blinding mist and spray;  
 And a wild weird shriek rose piercingly  
 O'er whistling wind and rain,—  
 I never heard it's like before,  
 And never shall again.  
 For the wailer of the princely line  
 Of her, my lady dear,  
 Sent up her keen with the blast that mourn'd,  
 The waning of the year.

## V.

There was blood upon her heaving breast  
 As they laid her down to die,  
 And thus to part for aye, we met,  
 My promised Bride and I!  
 We met for such a moment's space!—  
 There was so much to say—  
 So many words of love and faith,  
 Ere yet she passed away.  
 And so I watched the livelong day,  
 And marked the end draw near;  
 And her life ebb fast as the twilight fades,  
 At the waning of the year!

## VI.

It came that night! her dying lips  
 Pressed to the Cross, her hand  
 Clasped fast in mine; her latest prayer  
 For King and Fatherland—  
 And for the faith it's noblest held,  
 And the bright swords they bore,  
 All lost, save honour, creed, and name,  
 To many an alien shore.  
 And so she passed to rest in Christ,  
 My faithful one and dear,  
 The eve we kept our bloody tryste,  
 In the waning of the year.

VOL. I.

## VII.

We bore her dust at the dead of night  
 Across the wintry hills,  
 And the torchlight red on the white snow fell,  
 And on the flashing rills.  
 Its murky glare lit up the bier  
 Where the dead lay fair and cold,  
 With the white rose on her maiden breast,  
 And the blood on her mantle's fold.  
 And so, in Muckruss choir, I laid  
 All that my heart held dear  
 In holy earth, with her chieftain sires,  
 In the waning of the year.

## VIII.

And round that early grave we swore  
 An oath too deep for words,  
 As on her pure and virgin bier  
 We laid our thirsty swords.  
 And from the traitors' burning tower  
 That night rose shriek and groan,  
 As the murderer's soul went up to stand  
 Before the Judgment throne.  
 And forth to win a soldier's grave  
 I went without a tear;  
 For my lady's blood was well avenged  
 Ere the waning of the year. H. D.

## GLIMPSES D'OUTRE MER.

## NO. I.—YPRES.

"In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,  
 And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying;  
 That flag's the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray;  
 This nun is poor Eily, the flower of Finiae."—DAVIS.

"*Monsieur est Anglais!*" half interrogated, half affirmed a comely Flemish matron, who sat beside myself and my companions, as we slowly journeyed along together, in a steady diligence, which, prior to the days of the recently-constructed Chemin de Fer, plied regularly once a day between Courtrai and Ypres. For the last quarter of an hour, at least, she had been evidently dying to throw in a word, as, with eyes and ears, she drank in our conversation—not a dozen consecutive words of which, we venture to assert, the good lady comprehended, albeit our Saxon tongue is pretty much akin to that of the Flemings.

Turning courteously round to my interrogator—courteously I say, meaning, thereby, hat in hand; for the studied manners of their French neighbours are quite taking among the Belgians—I replied in the negative.

"*Comment! Monsieur n'est pas Anglais?*" and she looked at me—a perfect fac-simile of one of Van Eyck's fat beauties staring out of its frame, with the bump of incredulity developed to an amazing degree.

"*Du tout, Madame,*" I answered, with one of my blandest smiles. 'Twas malicious—too much for her curiosity to stand. And I mentally repented not being more explicit.

Nothing daunted, however, by my laconic reply, she resumed the attack. "*Monsieur n'est pas Anglais—et cependant, il parle bien Anglais, à ce qui paraît*"—and again her good, honest face stared me for a reply.

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Despite the nods and winks of my companions, wickedly urging me to carry on the joke, and try her curiosity a little further, I could hold out no longer, and candidly avowed myself an Irishman.

"*Tiens ! Monsieur est Irlandais ?*" and Van Eyck's portrait fairly turned round in its frame, and her long ear-rings seemed to glisten with the joy of the wearer. I had evidently found a passport to her confidence and good will, in the simple announcement of my country.

As our lumbering vehicle rolled along, we learned from her—without our asking, be it understood—that she was returning from the *Kermesse* of Haerlebeke, where her relatives—extensive cigar manufacturers—resided, and where she had been spending the past few days *en famille*, and making many handsome *cadeaux*, including sundry boxes of "*bonbons*" to her little nephews and nieces. She was now returning "*à la maison*," where her husband attended to business in her absence. Not to be outdone in frankness, we informed her that our destination was Ypres, whither we were bound on a kind of pilgrimage, having heard much of its curiosities and former connexion with our own country. Our avowal led to much valued information, which, with several addresses and references, she kindly gave us.

At length the voiture reached one of the now dismantled gates of Menin, and, after a brief "*visite*" from the *Agents de l'octroi*, slowly rumbled through—passed, snail's pace, up the main street—and finally stopped, (indeed it had been stopping since we reached the gate), at the *SINCE D'OR*. Here Myrheer Van Rykenvorsel—a chubby, good-humoured looking individual, with glossy cheeks, shaven clean as the palm of his hand, head cropped close as a bullet, and moustache strongly suggestive of wire, and, furthermore, invested in his best sky-blue blouse, fresh from the mangle—was in waiting to receive and embrace his better half.

"*Bon jour, mon mari*," joyously exclaimed our companion, as she descried her husband "*Bien venue, ma femme*" was his reply, as he received her, from the voiture, in his arms. People are more demonstrative on the continent than at home, thought we, as we beheld the worthy man salute his spouse, which he did on either cheek, and each time with a smack which to our minds resembled the flying of a cork from a bottle of Mousseux.

"*Au plaisir, Messieurs*," were the last words we ever heard from Madame Van Rykenvorsel. Heaven bless her, good soul! and the last sight we saw of her was as she turned round the corner of an adjoining street with her husband, who waved us a parting salute with his close-fitting *casquette*. By this time, no doubt, he was in possession of all Madame's discoveries regarding us, as well as of every word that passed between us since we left the *LION D'OR* at Courtray.

Resuming our journey, our route lay through a rich, flat country studded with fields of hemp, colza, and tobacco, whose luxuriant appearance promised amply to reward all the pains bestowed on them by the most industrious and hard-working of all hard workers—the peasantry of West Flanders. But fields, and farms, and villages—even

Wervicq and Comines—possessed but little interest for us then. Whatever share of it we felt, seemed wholly concentrated on Ypres; and when, at last, the spire of St. Martin's appeared in view, all the joggling and jolting of our monotonous and lengthened journey—now performed by railway in less than two hours—were forgotten. The capital table d'hôte of the *TETE D'OR*—for which we had just arrived in time, aided by a good bottle of Chambertin from the cellar of its worthy proprietor, Mr. Thiebault Ferrière,—quite restored us; and after a *demi-tasse* of *café noir* and a *petit verre* of good Schiedam each, we were enabled to sally forth, as the chimies of St. Martin's were calling the faithful to vespers.

Our way to St. Martin's lay by Les Halles, a magnificent Gothic structure, with high pointed roof, quaint old-fashioned gables, and richly sculptured façade, extending to an immense length along the public street; in fact forming nearly an entire side of the Grande Place. The building, or rather buildings, seem to have been originally intended for a mart, or exchange, when merchants from all parts of Europe thronged to the far-famed linen markets of Ypres, to purchase that celebrated texture, called, after the town itself, "*diaper*." And oft, no doubt, this old pile was the scene of joyous merriment, when the worthy burghers entertained their foreign brothers, as they were frequently wont to do, with genuine Flemish warmth and hospitality. Les Halles (we do not know by what precise English word to call the buildings), though now over five hundred years old, are still in excellent preservation, and still serve partly for commercial purposes, and partly as a *Maison de Ville*, where the civic functionaries hold their meetings, and large festive reunions occasionally take place. At the period of our visit, its exterior was gaily decorated with flags of every nation, and many of no nation at all, and its gates placarded with attractive announcements of the various works of art to be seen, at the exhibition of paintings then being held within its walls.

Passing through a low, arched passage, open to the public, which stood midway in the building, and directly under its massive tower, we found ourselves in a large square, tastefully planted; and, right before us, chimed away the carillon of St. Martin's. Almost every cathedral in Belgium has been already described by some tourist or other—and St. Martin's, though originally a monastic church, was once used as a cathedral. We will, then, content ourselves with saying "*ex und disce omnes*," and pass at once into the interior.

Vespers over, the crowd of worshippers slowly departed, and soon left us almost alone in the vast, silent building. There was something unearthly about the place. The very sound of our footsteps, as we passed the lengthened nave leading to the choir, seemed to us almost sepulchral. And in reality, unconscious though we then were of the fact, we were approaching, step by step, the sepulchres of two individuals whose names are stereotyped on the pages of history. They moved in different spheres—lived in different ages;—one wielded the sword—the other a no less powerful or destructive weapon—the pen. Both have bequeathed their names

to posterity. And, final end of man! both now repose side by side, in the silent slumber of the grave—and will probably so sleep, side by side, till the angel's trumpet again awakens them: whilst the beggar of Ypres, and the careless stranger, ignorant of their fame, shall continue, as now, to trample under foot their last earthly resting-place. High above the benches formerly occupied by the Canons of St. Martin's, on the left-hand side of the choir, as you face the high altar, stands a richly-sculptured mural tablet, surmounted by the "Lion of Flanders," and emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the princely house of Bethune. 'Tis all that remains, save the pen of the historian, to perpetuate the memory of the truly "noble and puissant prince, Count Robert of Flanders," whose chivalrous deeds and generous actions have been of late so prominently placed before the reading world by the pen of his patriotic countryman, Hendrick Conscience of Courtrai. The inscription, which we have accurately copied, for its beautiful simplicity and piety so worthy of the companion and kinsman of St. Louis of France, runs as follows:—"CY GIST NOBLE PUISSANT PRINCE DE BONNE MEMOIRE MON SEIGNEUR ROBERT COMTE DE FLANDRE QUI TREPASSA L'AN DE GRACE M.CCC.XXII LE JOUR ST. LAMBERT. PRIE POUR SON AME ADIEU."

In a line with Count Robert's monument, but set in the floor of the choir, lay a square white marble slab, whose only inscription was the sign of salvation in the centre, and the figures 1, 6, 3, 8, traced round it, each figure occupying a corner. There was a puzzle—a cross and four figures, and nothing more—what could it mean? Abominating *Commissaires*, as we heartily do all "bores," and rarely employing them, when we can possibly avoid so doing, we were unaccompanied, in our ramble, by any of that obtrusive, garrulous crew, and so were left completely to ourselves to fathom the mystery that lay buried beneath that simple square of marble. With Count Robert's monument before us, we again directed our attention to the mural decorations over the stalls; and, as we had hoped, soon found a key to the solution of our difficulty. It consisted in a richly-coloured escutcheon, diamond shape, and bearing the following inscription round its margin:—"R.R.D.D. CORNELIUS JANSENIUS VII. EPS. YPRES," and in the centre, round a shield, "OBITU 6 MAII 1638." Under our feet, then, lay the ashes of him whom the proudest and most enlightened intelligences of Europe once owned as their master,—the mouldering ashes of that deity, whose worship severed Pascal, Quesnel, Nicolle, the Arnauds, and the whole galaxy of Port Royal, from the unity of that Church which is "one;" the man whose stubborn followers still through the schismatic churches of Haarlem and Utrecht—Cornelius Jansen, seventh Bishop of Ypres. This is not the place for polemical controversy, neither do we mean to enter on the discussion as to whether he was responsible or not for the errors of a work published after his death. Suffice it to say with the "Bard of Avon"—

"The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

And so let it be with poor Jansenius, say we. With his deluded and obstinate followers, the Jansenists, we have no sympathy whatever. But still, "*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*," shall ever be our maxim, as long as positive intentional guilt is not clearly brought home to the silent denizen of the tomb.

Nightfall brought us back to the TETE D'OR, where we found a party of "*braves Belges*," cavalry and infantry, regaling themselves on cigars and *eau sucrée*. We could not repress a smile at their harmless occupation, as well as at the thought of the generally harmless character of their lives; for, blood shedders though they were by profession, we knew that for a quarter century, at least, they had never been called upon to unsheath a sword with intent to do bodily harm to any man. No, the "*dolce far niente*" is the daily occupation of the modern Belgian soldier, no matter what trouble other people may give themselves to cut each other's throats, in true military fashion. And yet the Belgian militaire lacks in no wise the swagger, and bluster, and jaunty air of the "profession." At least our friends of the TETE D'OR did not; for we could not but notice the ill-concealed smile, half patronizing, half contemptuous, with which they occasionally regarded us, mere civilians that we were.

Next morning—it was a bright one in early June—we were up with the lark; and larks, we believe, rise as early in Belgium as at home. Be this as it may, we were not the first up; for right opposite our bed-room window, directly we awoke, we could see a small-sized bell rapidly oscillating in the open campanile of a neighbouring convent. We could even hear its tinkling, silvery sound—and sight and hearing confirmed the fact that we were not the first up. There were others before us. From the *garçon* whom we summoned, (all waiters, no matter how old, are "boys" in French-speaking countries), we learned that the convent was that of the "Poor Clares," and that the bell was for Mass—and to Mass we accordingly determined to go. "The Poor Clares"—what a pretty suggestive name! We had often, with delight, beheld gorgeous shrines in France and Belgium, and elsewhere—could point out pretty accurately the beauties of St. Gudule's or St. Bavon's—were equally at home in the Cathedrals of Rheims or Amiens—knew something, too, of Cologne and Strasburg; but never do we remember having met with any spot better calculated to awaken devotional feeling than the plain, humble, almost nude chapel of the poor Clares of Ypres. There indeed primitive poverty reigned supreme. Though every essential found in the grandest temple dedicated to Catholic worship was to be found equally there; still all breathed such an air of indigence—all was composed of such humble materials, that you at once said to yourself you were truly in the midst of those who, like Peter, had "*left all things*" to follow their Master. The order, in whose convent we were permitted to hear Mass, was, as I afterwards learned, brought to its present rigorous discipline by the zeal and self-denial of a holy French lady named Colette—the abbreviated feminine of Nicholas—

who died about the middle of the fifteenth century. Her name, though not generally known to us, is a "household word" on the continent—and few families in Flanders, Lorraine or Picardy, are without a female member whose patron saint is Colette. Her feast is celebrated on the 6th of March by the sisters of her order, still called after her, "*Les Pauvres Clarisses Coletines d'Ypres*." They are strict "observantines," following the rule of St. Francis, closely cloistered, in fact, walled out of the world. Many, perhaps, may pronounce them very great fools for being so, and imagine they must lead a very sad life of it. We, however, are not of that number. On the contrary, we believe and know that real, unalloyed happiness (if such there really be here below) exists behind that dark, spiked "*grille*" that shuts out worldlings from the companionship of "*Les Pauvres Clarisses*." And, reader, there are Irish nuns—cloistered choir sisters—behind that grille, and happy, contented ones; and there are Irish lay sisters of the same order, but uncloistered, outside it—and we have conversed with both of the "old land" over the sea, which they still dearly love, though they love little else beside on earth. That same poor convent of the Poor Clares was of old the episcopal palace of all the prelates that held sway in Ypres during the Spanish dynasty in the Low Countries—and there, in that very house now so poor, then so magnificent, lay plague-stricken, exactly two hundred and twenty years ago, the famous Jansenius, seventh and last bishop of Ypres—and there he died, and was buried, as we have seen, in his cathedral close by. On the opposite side of the street, and quite close to the convent, the curious may see the manuscript, or at least a very ancient copy of the far-famed "*Augustinus*"—a posthumous work that has given rise to more heart-burnings and angry discussions than any other work ever published—God's own *Book*, that teacheth peace, alone excepted. The see of Ypres no longer exists as a distinct diocese. It is merged into that of Bruges, and is at present governed by Monseigneur Malou, a native of Ypres, but resident in Bruges—one of the most learned, accomplished, and youthful prelates in the Church—and one whom we hope to see, one day, wearing a cardinal's hat, in the archiepiscopal church of Belgium—the old cathedral of Mechlin—dedicated to the memory of our fellow-countryman Rumold, and built on the very spot where, a thousand years ago, that sainted bishop fell a martyr to his zeal in spreading the faith of Patrick among the pagan children of Brabant.

After a hearty breakfast, seasoned by our morning excursion, we sallied forth again from our hotel, under the guidance of a kind relative of our newly-made acquaintance Madame Van Rykenvorsel. He had received a letter from her, by that morning's post, and hastened to call on us, and invite us, *sans façon*, to join his family circle at dinner, in the afternoon. Learning from his correspondent that we were Irish, he imagined we should naturally feel interested in the convent of our fair countrywomen—the Benedictines of Ypres; and, as his daughter was a *pensionnaire* in that establishment, he had the right of entree, as far as that privilege is

extended to seculars; and accordingly proposed to conduct us thither. We gladly and thankfully embraced his proposal; and, forthwith, bent our steps towards the Rue St. Jacques, in which the convent is situated. On our way, we visited the church of St. Pierre, which contains a singularly striking and very ancient *Calvaire* or *chemin de croix*, forcibly bringing to the recollection of even the most indifferent visitor the last sad scenes of the Redeemer's lifetime. We also paid an *en passant* visit to the parish church of St. Jacques, and could not contain our admiration of its exquisitely carved pulpit, a very chef-d'œuvre of Flemish wood sculpture. Beneath the preacher's chair is a curiously-wrought cave, and within it is desecrated a life-size figure of St. Jerome labouring at his translation of the Bible.

A few paces more, in the same street, brought us to our destination. We stood in front of the old cloister of Ypres, where many a son and daughter of Erin had stood before—filled, as we were then, with loving memories of the dear old land far away, where our common fathers dwelt. And as we looked up and beheld the date of its erection, 1612, set in raised characters over the narrow, arched doorway, we thought of all the heart-breaking sorrows of King James's "plantation," which sent so many a once-happy daughter of Ireland away from her fatherland to seek peace and a home in the convent of Ypres. Oh—how we loved the very stones of that dear old building! But our reflections were cut short by the appearance of the *concierge*, who, in obedience to the summons of our friend, ushered us into the reception-room set apart for strangers.

It was a lightsome, cheerful apartment, simply furnished, but rich in the sacred gems of art which adorned its walls. A beautifully-carved image of the Crucified was the first object that struck the eye on entering—and round it, on either side, hung paintings illustrative of the lives of some of His more eminent servants. Before us, and separating us from the strictly-enclosed daughters of St. Benedict, was the screened grating, or "*grille*," as it is technically called, emblematic of their utter seclusion from the world; and, as we looked at it, we thought of the noble Roman youth who, thirteen centuries and fifty-nine years before, had likewise secluded himself from the world, and shut himself up, to commune alone with his Maker, in the wild but lovely solitude of Subiaco. He little thought, then, that in the polished, civilized nineteenth century—as it is, *ad nauseam*, styled by its egotist admirers—the most refined and cultivated spirits of the age would glory in calling themselves "*Benedictines*" after his name.

A slight rustle behind the grille announced to us that there were others beside ourselves in the apartment. The screen was drawn aside—and we stood in presence of the Lady Abbess. There was an air of dignity and grandeur about her that, had she been an empress, could not have impressed us more—and, when she spoke, and welcomed us, as fellow-countrymen introduced by a benefactor of the convent, we could hardly find words to convey our feelings of gratitude and delight. Of her features we can say nothing—for both



she and the sister by whom she was attended were closely veiled; but judging from her conversation, she must have been a person that would grace any circle fortunate enough to possess her presence. She was English, and conversed with us quite familiarly on the leading topics of the day, particularly those connected with the recent revival of Catholicity in her own country. At the request of our friend, she kindly permitted us to visit the chapel, and, after a few additional moments' conversation, withdrew, having first humbly recommended her community and herself to our poor prayers.

The concierge, who was in waiting, conducted us, by the street, to an adjoining entrance leading to the Chapel, which she unlocked—for we must not pass through the corridor of the convent, which is strictly cloistered. The little chapel was indeed worth a visit—a perfect gem in its way, and richly ornamented in the chastest style of Christian art. We could see nobody; yet, besides the ever-burning silver lamp, we well knew that there were others, though screened from our view, doing homage before the tabernacle. And we thought of other adorers, too, long since passed away, many of whom often gazed with joy, and it may be with sadness betimes, on the conquered flags hung up in that very chapel by Murrough O'Brien, as an offering to God and fatherland. The roof of the Invalides in Paris is draped by but one English colour—that wrested from them at Dantzic—the Church of the Benedictines possessed two at least, from 1706 until the Revolution. Colours and worshippers are now no longer to be seen. We were unconsciously treading on the graves of the latter; for the floor on which we stood was but the roof of a necropolis. And on that roof we could read the names of sleepers whose heart once throbbed but for the glory of God, and the welfare of Ireland—of Dame Margaret Arthur, who died in 1715—of Madame Butler, who died in London, A.D. 1719—of Dame Marie Benedicte Dalton, deceased in 1783—of Dame Marie Scholastique Lynch, in 1799—of Dame Marie Bernard Lynch, who departed life in 1830—and of Marie Benedicte Byrne—born in Dublin 1775, deceased in Ypres 1840. She was the last of the long line of Irish Abbesses that governed the Benedictine convent of Ypres; and, by a strange permission of Providence, there is not now—at least, there was not at the period of our visit—a single Irish nun amongst a sisterhood once exclusively Irish. The words of the Psalmist arose to our memory—"Adorabimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus"—and applying them for the moment to the last Irish Abbess of Ypres, we knelt upon her grave, and gave God thanks for having afforded such a calm retreat, such a cheering home to many a sorrowing daughter of Ireland, who had seen the bravest and last of her kindred perish in the battle-field—"semper et ubique fideles" to the cause of King Louis and the hapless Stuarts.

No doubt there was many a "Flower of Finae," many an Irish girl from "where Shannon, and Barrow, and Blackwater flow," among the sisters and boarders of that

dear old convent. Happily we have procured for our readers the names of a few of the former; though we regret that the writers of the obituary notices in our possession, have left us no clue to the locality of the deceased. Their names, however, almost bespeak that locality. The two first on our list—Dames Sarsfield and Creagh, are most probably of Limerick origin, as their family names are most conspicuous among the ancient mayors, aldermen, and town-councillors of that ancient borough. We even question much if the latter did not actually leave the "city of the violated treaty," with her parents, after Sarsfield surrendered it, for at the date of the capitulation she must have been about six years old. At all events, she entered the convent of the Benedictine Dames as a religieuse, at the early age of twenty, and spent the remaining sixty-three years of her life in the strictest observance of its rules. The chronicler briefly writes of her as follows:—

"On the 29th of May, 1768, departed this life our dear Sister Rd. Dame Mary Bridget Creagh, an example of zeal, fervour, and regularity. She was very active, exact, and laborious, in the many employments she went through, at different times; greatly devoted to the Blessed Sacrament, and the infancy of our Saviour; and particularly zealous for the divine office in choir. She bore with edifying patience many infirmities, especially those of her advanced age, as an almost total blindness, deafness, and decrepitude of her limbs; being able only by the help of another to visit the Blessed Sacrament, which she did very frequently each day. She had the happiness to receive all the sacraments in her perfect senses. She was aged eighty-three; sixty-two of religious profession, and thirteen years jubilarian."

Of Madame Sarsfield we have a more lengthened notice, which we give, exactly as it was penned seventy-nine years ago, and which reveals to us worldlings a touching picture of cloistered life. It was never intended for publication, was never before published, and merely records an every-day chapter in the history of those who have taken up the cross in earnest, and endeavour to walk in the footsteps of Him who was "meek and humble of heart," and who wishes his followers to be so likewise.

"On the 30th of May, 1781, departed this life our Dear Sister Rd. Dame Mary Ignatia Sarsfield, in the sixty-third year of her age, and twenty-ninth of her religious profession. She was exemplary for her solid piety and fervent zeal in forwarding and embracing any practice of prayer, mortification, or any other good work that she thought could advance God's glory: her constancy and fidelity in the most punctual compliance with the first toll of the bell, to each observance of regularity, even when in sickness, and under incisions in her head from painful wens that formed there, was remarkable. She suffered with most edifying patience, an asthmatick affection of the chest, which, joined to a dropsy, soon brought her to extremity. She had the fervour to come down daily to assist at the community mass, and suffered the most violent parching thirst incident to the dropsy, without taking any drink, to

have the happiness of receiving holy communion, which she had, even the day she died. Such was her union with her crucified spouse, as that about a quarter of an hour before she expired, our confessor proposed to have her raised up to place her more at her ease. She replied, 'Father, if you please, I like to remain and die in this painful posture, as my dear Redeemer died on the cross.' Some time before her death she petitioned our right honoured lady abbess, to say something to her very humbling, which her ladyship complied with, and inspired by the Holy Ghost, spoke to her in a most humbling and reviling manner, which seemed to settle her soul in a great peace and tranquillity. She articulated, as well as she could, the sacred names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and to the last words pronounced for her 'Into thy hands, sweet Jesus, I commend my spirit,' raised her eyes, to show she joined interiorly, and so expired."

The next name on our list is Irish, and no mistake, and to write it correctly, should be written with that genuine Milesian prefix, an "O."

"On the 1st of June, 1763, departed this life our dear Sister, Reverend Dame Mary Joseph Malone, a religious of extraordinary talents, much admired by spiritual men for her sublime penetration and wit. She underwent a kind of persecution for her zeal in pursuing her entry into religion, from the doating attachment and fondness of her mother. She persevered constant, in order to comply with God's call, and contrary to all human appearance, she compassed her design by becoming a member of this community, the interest of which she laboured much for, being secretary to Lady Arthur and Lady Mandeville, she wrote all their letters on temporal business. She was most expert at her pen, arithmetic, &c. &c. She procured from her brother a gift of £600. She was so interior a soul, as in her exterior and most indifferent actions, to be so united to God, as to compose many sweet canticles, wherein are breathed most fervent acts of divine love and all virtue. Five years after her profession she became very infirm, by complicated distempers; she received the last sacrament, and expired in speaking without the least agony or particular pain. She was sixty years of age, and thirty-three of religious profession."

In connexion with this obituary is another short one, referring most probably to her brother. It is as follows—"16th August, 1742, departed this life Mr. Paul Malone, a considerable benefactor of this house. *Requiescant in pace.*"

We fear we have already spun out our u'tramarine "glimpses" to too great a length, and quite wearied the patience of our reader. We cannot, however, conclude without devoting a few lines more to the memory of one who, though not Irish by birth, was more so, in faith and feeling, than many a native Hibernian. We allude to a noble daughter of the house of Maclean, allied by birth to those ancient Lords of the Isles who, for ages, kept rude court by the stormy shores of Mull, in their castled home at Duart, and whose coronach for ages woke up the slumbering echoes of Norven, as the dead Macleans

were borne by their clansmen to their last resting-place beneath the old stone cross that yet stands erect, despite the "Synod of Argyll," on the green bosom of Iona; allied also to that ill-fated nobleman who, with Lords Lovat and Balmerino, lost his life on Tower Hill for his devotion to the cause of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." She survived this family disaster eight years; and had, besides the consolations of religion, those also of her sisters, many of whom, like herself, had lost their dearest relatives in those terrible years which beheld England worsted at Fontenoy, and victorious at Culloden. Her history is a curious one, and we take leave of our kind reader, for the present, by briefly recording what we know of it:—

"On the 15th of October, 1754, departed this life our Dear Sister, Rd. Dame Mary Louisa Maclean. She was a constant example of perfect simplicity and submission to her superiors, and most amiable, obliging, and cheerful conduct with her sisters, to whom she was always ready and zealous to be helpful. She had a superior capacity for all kind of fine works; to her zeal and assiduity we owe almost all the embroidered ornaments of the Church, to accomplish which she took from her sleep—rising all the summer, with leave from her superior, as soon as there was light enough to work. She expressed great sentiments of gratitude to Almighty God for His peculiar providence over her. She was educated a very strict Protestant, as were all her family. Her worthy father, Sir Alexander Maclean, having followed King James the Second into France, had the happiness to become acquainted with the illustrious Lord, Comte Fenelon, of saintly memory, Archbishop of Cambray, who converted him to the Catholic Faith. His first effort of zeal was to get this, his only child (whom he left in Scotland), out of the hands of her mother's family, the Earl of Kilmarnock. She, having notice of her father's change of religion, declared she would never see him, lest she might be induced to apostatize from the High and Episcopal Church, as he had done. At length a missionary, whom she thought a Protestant, gained on her to go and see her father. The Queen of England desired she should be placed here, which she was much pleased at, to the end she might instruct and convert the community during her abode. She immediately began her mission with Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, as she was well versed in the Bible, which she took care to bring with her, and many other books (though at that time but fourteen years of age.) Her first visit to him was a warm and learned dispute. She held out stiff, from October to the end of the year, when, enlightened by Divine grace, she made her abjuration and profession of faith on the 1st of January, 1705—her first communion on the Epiphany, which feast was, ever after, peculiarly solemn with her. She was, from that time, as humble, as she before showed pride and ostentation, so that her abbess and others (in her absence) often called her the "Lamb." She received the last sacraments in her perfect senses, and sweetly reposed in her Lord, aged of sixty-four, and forty-four of her religious profession."

## MIDSUMMER.

LANGUIDLY the flowers are drooping, in the fervid glow of noon ;  
 Plaintively the cuckoo's singing to the woods his farewell croon ;  
 Languidly the graceful tresses of the larch trees' tasselled hair,  
 Yield unto the faint embraces of the perfume-laden air.  
 Lo ! the rose her bosomed beauties, all disclosed to woo the cool ;  
 E'en the stately water-lily languid droops in yon clear pool ;  
 Lazily the hours are creeping, lazily the river glides,  
 And the kine upon its margin listless roll to cool their sides :  
 In the farness of the forest, hidden by its myriad leaves,  
 Like a doting mother childless, o'er her nest the young dove grieves ;  
 And her music, as a dream song, sways with undefined control—  
 Harmonizing, with its sadness, those fine thoughts that throng the soul.

In my heart I feel a sorrow, nameless, all-pervading, full,  
 As, in shadow, moves before me, Winifred the beautiful ;  
 Ah ! adored one, and deplored one, still I see thy lovely eyes,  
 Fondly gazing down upon me, from the clear midsummer skies ;  
 As in life their light shone o'er me, with unutterable love,  
 So, with after-death affection, they are shining now above.

O midsummer ! ripe midsummer ! thou recallest golden days,  
 When with *her* I roamed, so happy, by the winding Baro's maze ;  
 O midsummer ! bright midsummer ! now thy glorious beams may rest  
 Only on the wild flowers springing from the green that wraps her breast ;  
 O ye woodland walks and valleys, ye are ever still the same,  
 Lorn and lonely, I can only to your echoes name her name.  
 As I wander, still I ponder, " shall we ever meet once more ?"  
 And rejoiceful, hark ! a voice, full tenderly reverbs—" once more."  
 Ah ! to hear her and be near her, and again her spouse to be,  
 I must live as she lived, holy ; hope to die as pure as she !  
 Pure as she ! O flowing river, were thy waters contrite tears,  
 I would need to shed them tenfold for a thousand thousand years ;  
 Still *my* soul were but as charcoal to the rarest diamond sheen,  
 Placed beside the chastened splendour of *her* purity serene.

O midsummer ! sad midsummer ! sad with all thy joys to me,  
 'Twas amidst thy fullest glories thou, sweet wife, didst cease to be.  
 Soon, midsummer, all thy beauties will be dimmed by Autumn's breath ;  
 Ruddy Autumn, sere'd by Winter, withering thou shalt " die the death."  
 Yet each season, tho' departed, still returning charms the day—  
 Ah ! my Winifred departed, why not thou return as they ?  
 Vain my question—Now midsummer to your loveliness adieu,  
 I have lost my fruit and flower, and I find no joy in you ;  
 She whose smile was summer mildest, she whose voice was spring-bird's song,  
 She whose life was as the sunshine, gliding peacefully along,  
 Passed away like evening rainbow, unto its congenial sky,  
 Leaving me a darkling mourner, tho' I know she lives on high.

Should I leave one friend behind me, when life's scene has closed on me,  
 I conjure him, I adjure him, by his dead friend's memory ;  
 By the hot tears which in torrents o'er her cold cheek, unfelt, burned ;  
 By that one kiss which her sweet lips for the first time ne'er returned ;  
 By her " farewell" whispered—murmured—by her clinging last embrace,  
 By my own long look of anguish, ere they shrouded her dear face—  
 That he have my wish accomplished, one sole wish—so heaven him guard—  
 Let my bones with hers commingle in Killegney's\* lone church-yard.

JOHN DÚGGAN.

\* Killegney, near Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

*The History of Ireland, Ancient and Modern, with Copious Topographical and General Notes.* By MARTIN HAVERTY, Esq. Dublin: James Duffy.

THIS admirable work, which originally appeared in a series of weekly and fortnightly numbers, is now before us complete in one volume octavo, and we welcome it as the most valuable addition which as yet has been made to our native literature. 'Tis true that the History of Ireland has engaged the pens of many eminent writers from the days of Campion to our own, when Moore's four volumes, published in Lardner's Cyclopædia, as was commonly thought, left nothing further to be desired in the elucidation of our annals. The persevering researches, however, of eminent Irish scholars, prove too clearly that anything like an impartial history of our country must be compiled out of a variety of documents which hitherto have hardly been accessible to the historical student or author. The wonderful labours of O'Donovan in the numerous Archæological Tracts which he has rescued from oblivion, and above all, his annotations to the Four Masters, have certainly thrown a vast quantity of materials in the way of any individual capable of elaborating them into a historical narrative; but yet all these ample compilations notwithstanding, the historian of Ireland, when extending his researches, was sure to discover that there still remained for him material in abundance, and of the most authentic character, which had hitherto lain either unexamined or inaccessible.

Hitherto indeed there has been no lack of Irish histories, for the subject has been a fertile one with partizans and zealots, who, far from consulting authentic documents, have either written as their passions and interests dictated, or what is equally lamentable, adopted absurd legends and fabulous narratives which, no doubt, were credulously believed at a period when historical criticism had no existence. A country like Ireland, however, whose clergy and princes in every province and tribe encouraged, nay, and enforced the preservation of written records, and at no time more lovingly than in the 17th century, when the Friars of Donegal compiled their far-famed Annals, may justly boast that it possesses a *genuine* history far more ancient by many centuries than that of any other European nation. With the exception, however, of the Four Masters (a work far beyond the reach of the masses), and the writings of a few others, whose compilations can hardly be esteemed reliable, we have had no really good history of Ireland till Mr. Haverty's appeared. No doubt Moore's work has its great merits; but notwithstanding our reverence for the genius of one of the greatest Irishmen who ever shed lustre on the land of his nativity, we must say that *his* History of Ireland abounds in anachronisms (particularly in the 4th vol.), which betray a want of careful investigation that is well calculated to awaken our surprise. Let us add, moreover, that Moore wrote at a period when Irish Archæology had made no great advance,—that his work was chiefly compiled out of

the already published contributions of English writers, and that in all probability he had little, if any knowledge of the monuments which have enabled men like the Rev. Drs. Reeves, Todd, Dr. O'Donovan and others of equal celebrity, to render such signal services to our history, sacred and secular.

Happily for his readers, as well as for his own fame, Mr. Haverty has approached his work conscientiously, and with no sectarian spirit, availing himself largely of all the results of recent archæological research, and turning to good account the lucubrations of fair and impartial writers wherever he could avail himself of their labours. The Catholic may be justly proud of Mr. Haverty's work, for it will teach him that his country, in the early days of her existence, was the home and sanctuary of knowledge—that she kept alight the lamp of science, when England and the Continent of Europe beheld civilization almost extirpated by barbaric hordes; and as for the Protestant who is anxious to come at historic truth, we have no doubt that he will find in these pages a candid and veritable statement of those fierce conflicts, which, originating in the schism of Henry the VIII., armed man against man, and reduced this island for many a century to the condition of a field of blood. Now that that struggle is over, happily for ever, and that religious dogmas can never again be enforced at the sword's point, or rejected with the certain loss of life and property, the student of Mr. Haverty's History will easily form a just estimate of the chief actors on both sides during the 16th and 17th centuries, while the valuable notes, mostly taken from Protestant writers, with which he has enriched his pages, will evidence the honesty and impartiality of his pen. In this brief notice of Mr. Haverty's work, we have carefully abstained from any allusion to the concise dissertations which it gives of the early colonization of Ireland, the preaching of St. Patrick, and the Druidical formulas which existed before the advent of our Apostle. The early civilization of Ireland, its laws, domestic institutions, and, above all, the biography of those holy sages, who from the fifth to the eighth century left our shores, carrying the light of religion and knowledge to peoples plunged in the darkness of ignorance and idolatry, will, we are satisfied, be perused by every class of readers with satisfaction and honourable pride.

The events of the sixteenth century, as we have already said, are treated most accurately and impartially, and as for those of the seventeenth, Mr. Haverty has thrown additional light on them, through the medium of manuscript documents, which lay unnoticed till they fortunately fell into *his* hands. Mr. Haverty's History brings us down to the period of the Legislative Union, and gives us vivid and graphic sketches of the men who figured before and during that momentous era in the parliament of College Green, as well as on the ill-starred battle-fields of Ross and Wexford. So far has the History of Ireland been treated in the pages before us, and we have no hesitation in stating, that it is pre-eminently the best work of its class that has ever come from the press,